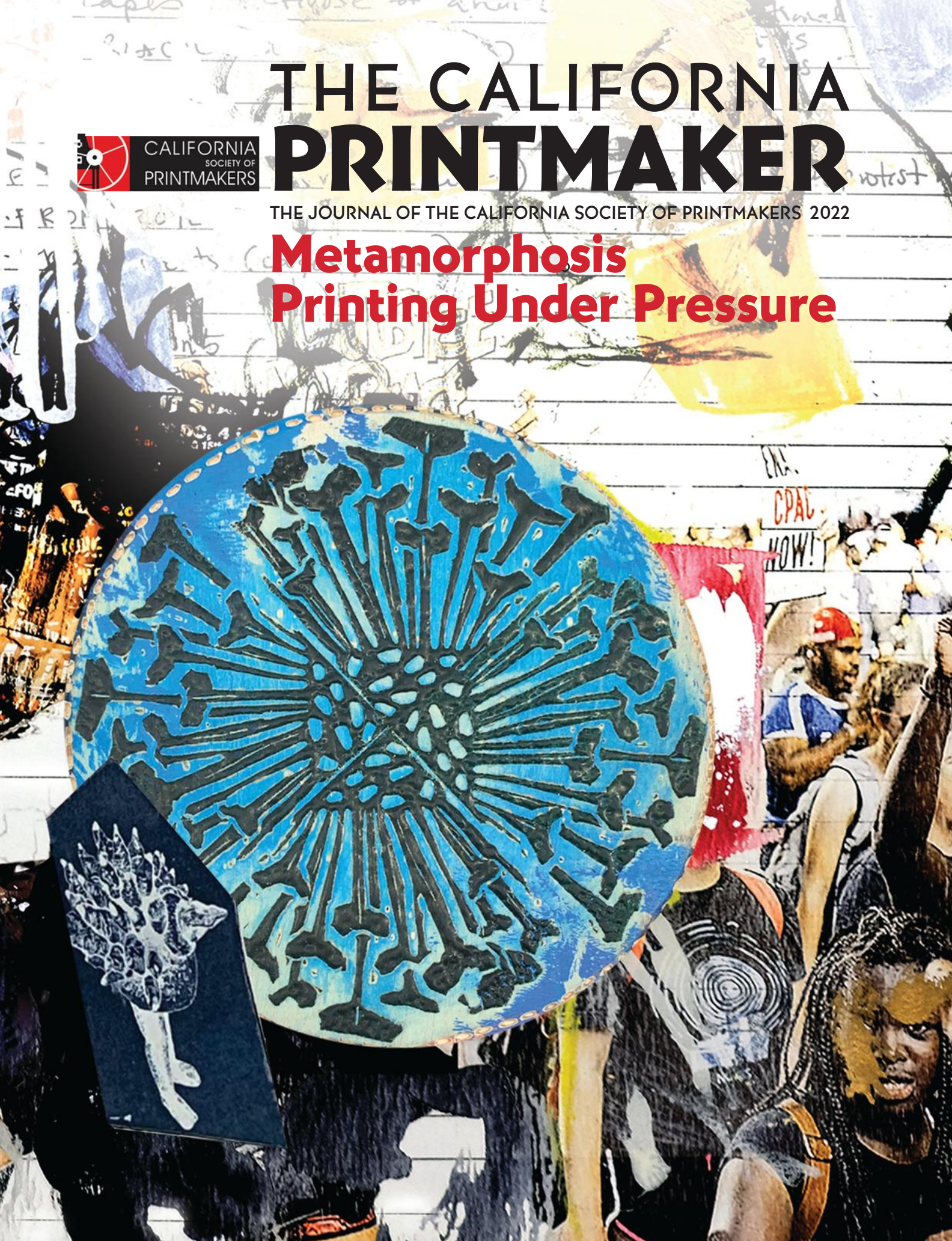
CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF PRINTMAKERS

THE CALIFORNIA PRINTMAKER

THE JOURNAL OF THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF PRINTMAKERS 2022

Metamorphosis
Printing Under Pressure



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ISSN: 2769-7894 (print)
ISSN: 2769-7908 (online)

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Published by
California Society of Printmakers
P.O. Box 194202
San Francisco, CA 94119-4202
Printing by MagCloud
www.caprintmakers.org

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CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF PRINTMAKERS

EDITORIAL STATEMENT

This year's title, *Metamorphosis: Printing Under Pressure*, explores the struggle that artists have when working under pressure.
In printmaking, it is common to share tools, working space and ideas with other printmakers. The sharing becomes a stimulus for creativity. In the past two years that paradigm has been disrupted by the pandemic and aggravated by the impact of fire and climate change, along with social and political unrest that have transformed normal life all over the world. For many people, social disruption and personal stress leads to a loss of control and a loss of previously comfortable routines. This year's journal investigates how stress affects the artist's mindset, and most importantly their ways of expressing themselves visually. As always, artists must be sensitive to the human condition and use it to interpret the world in their own fashion.

Editorial team
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ABOUT CSP

Dear Printmakers around the World:

It seems excitement abounds when anticipating the release of our wonderful journal, *The California Printmaker*. Congratulations to the artists included in this year's publication *Metamorphosis: Printing Under Pressure*.

I hope everyone gets a chance to sit down and enjoy this journal. The artists' statements, images and the stories about how they work are remarkable. In addition you will find diversity of subject matter and process are a common theme throughout the journal.

With my greatest admiration,The California Society of Printmakers, holding our place in the virtual world, has developed programs many of our members have participated in with great excitement.

Several Board members past and present juried in 19 new members to CSP this year. The work was strong and presented beautifully. A hearty welcome to all of you!

Finally, thank you to our volunteer Board of Directors for all you do for CSP every day, awake and in your sleep! This has certainly been a year of incubating programs and developing interesting ideas in this most challenging year. Our board meetings are filled with endless ideas to keep our membership engaged and stimulated.

I applaud all of our members for continuing to attend your stream of creativity, constantly showing me just how talented and beautiful you are.

Your Devoted President,
Jami Taback

NEW MEMBERS

Portfolio Review Winter 2021

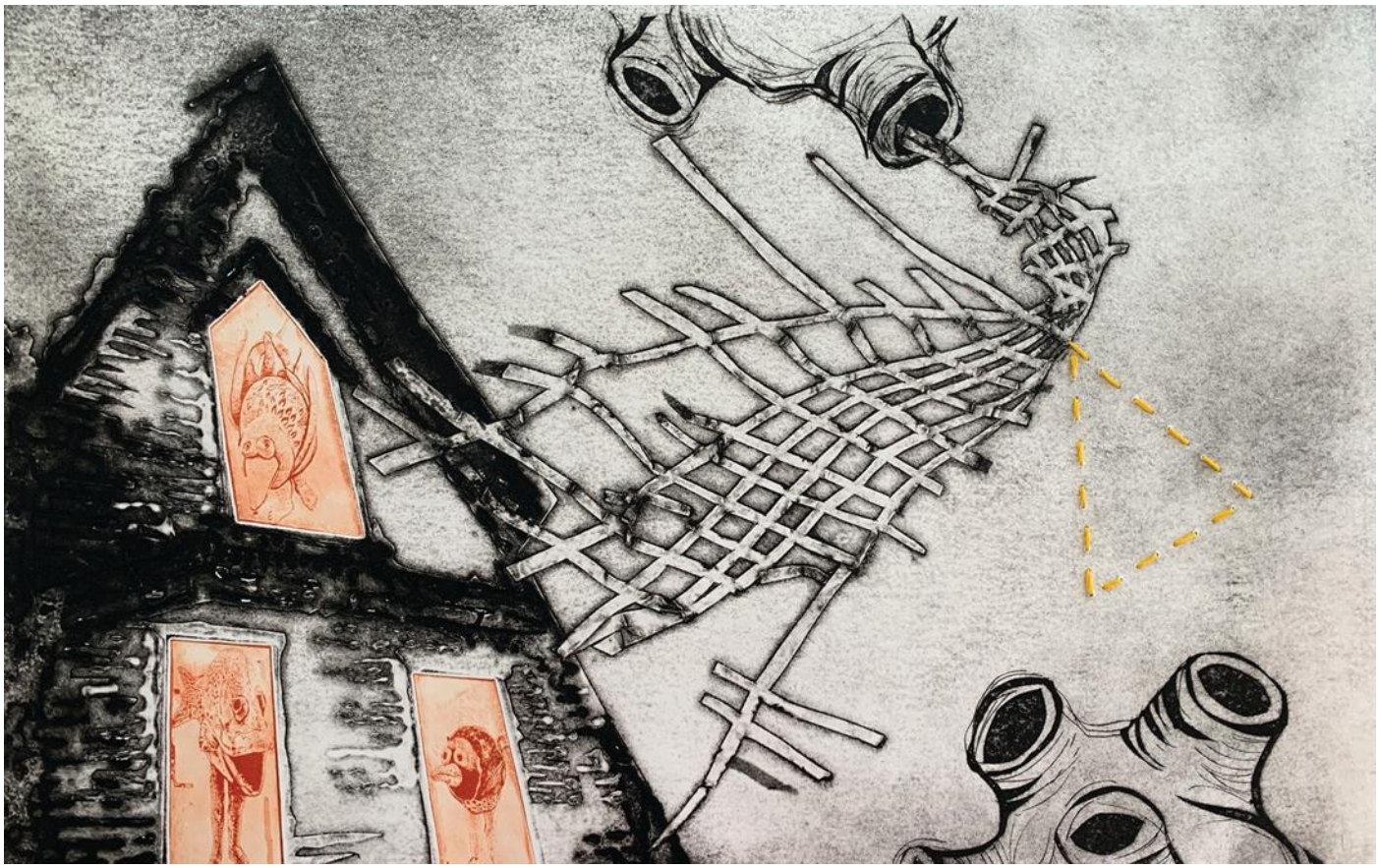
Latifat Apatira
Karen Fiorito
Patricia Hardmeier
Marian Harris
Christina Kirchinger
Kathryn Lesh

Student Member
Elizabeth Ballard-Branco (Kellog)

Portfolio Review Summer 2021

Statira Alyea
Casey Gardner
James Hubbard
Barbara Kibbe
Eddie Lee
Alicia Persaud
Barbara Poole
Edda Valborg

Student Members
Vera McBride
Shara Mercado Poole
Eileen Parent
Cassidy Skillman



FOR THE BIRDS

Candace Garlock

First day of Summer 2021: It's early in the morning; sun hasn't quite risen, and my three year old granddaughter Emsley has her eyes open. She is cuddled next to me. I really would like to keep sleeping. "The birds are awake, Booma!," her signal to me that I should open my eyes and talk to her. She begins to sing a little to herself, another signal that I need to wake up, although she hasn't quite rubbed my face to see if I will open my eyes. Again, she mentions the birds, and I open my eyes. Yes, they are really making a fuss this morning. The window is open, and from the sounds outside, I can tell they are getting in an early morning meal at the bird feeder.

When someone asks me "What happened to you during the pandemic," I think, "well, a lot," but the constant reminder of life came from looking through the living room window; watching a cascade of different types of birds vying for their spot at the bird feeder, keeping me grounded. Over and over and over! So many hours spent on the sofa just watching them and being thankful for being alive.

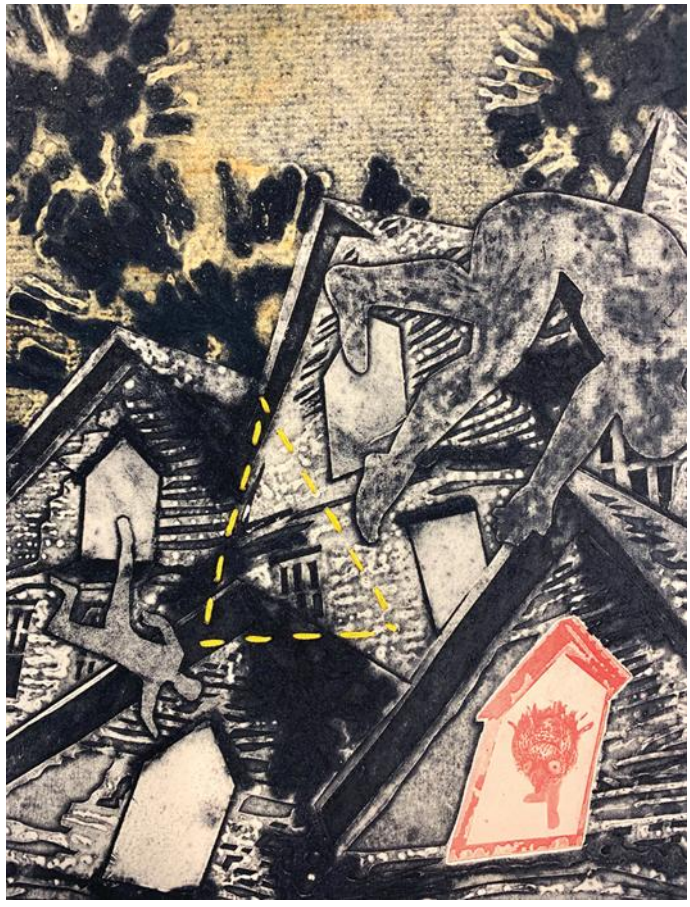
The pandemic of course was tough on us all, but the worst of it was the isolation, not being able to be with my grandkids. At the same time that we were forced to vacate TMCC (Truckee Meadows Community College) in March 2020, my daughter, her husband and baby girl got sick—REALLY sick. My husband and I would drop off packages, and I would just touch the front door window with my hand, meeting Emsley's little hand between a wall of glass. She didn't understand why she couldn't be with her Booma, and I didn't want to understand, but I knew too well how sick I could become. The media scared us enough…we were the vulnerable ones. The ones that could die easily from Covid-19.

My oldest daughter has three children, and they came over all the time before Covid. (That's what the 5 year old says—"Before Covid.") Now they have to isolate, too. There were times when we would Facetime, but it's not the same as hanging out, and where were the cuddles? Grandkids and grandparents need that! So most of the time I sat on the sofa with my laptop, while trying to adjust to a new teaching norm. David (my husband) installed a bird feeder outside, and so the birds became my muses for a new body of work.

The birds appeared earlier as ceramic sculptures in Fall 2019, but during the pandemic I began to really watch the personalities of the birds at the feeder. They were all so different. They played with each other; they cooperated in their own way to maximize their time eating. I began to try to find out what kind of birds were coming each day; then I started even noticing ones that didn't eat at the bird feeder. Imagine my surprise when I sighted three magpies

swooping down outside my studio window, eating the cat food. I moved the food closer to the window so I could watch them. I was so excited because my granddaughter Madelyn has the spirit of a magpie and thus is nicknamed "Maddie Magpie." While watching them, I could picture Maddie running around in her house, squawking at her older brothers, happily teasing them with treasures that she found. I'm smiling at the thought that the treasures are actually her brothers' little toys that were left on the floor or table. I could picture her brothers chasing her to get their toys back and she laughing in her carefree way.

During the fall of the pandemic I was invited to participate in several print exchanges. The birds were present. I immediately envisioned their houses in disrepair, holding family secrets. I was thinking about how isolated it may seem with Covid-19 restrictions and that we needed to all stay indoors and separate ourselves from loved ones. The birds in the prints were actually drawn from the collection of ceramic "fashionistas" that I created to honor the personalities of family and friends. They each have their own quirks that make them unique and lovable, just like family. I didn't have access to some of the equipment at TMCC, and the supply chain was a little sketchy so I decided to go back to my printmaking roots. The collagraph is something that can be created with scraps of materials, Elmer's glue and an Xacto knife…no need for any fancy equipment, technology, etc. I found that making plates out of these materials helped with my anxiety. I had



a couple Solarplates in one of my flat files so I used them, making small little bird plates that were embedded in the windows of the houses.

Nine months into this pandemic, I did get sick and all I could do was sleep and concentrate on breathing. My daughter and sister texted every hour (maybe more than that), making sure I was keeping up with my breathing exercises and that I was sleeping sitting up. I remember Becca saying, "Mom, what is your Oximeter reading now?" I was on my favorite sofa in front of the window, watching the birds again. The birds were there all the time, even in my dreams. Their chattering was a peaceful reminder that life continues. I would get through this, and I did, continuing to print; envisioning a woven grid; searching for interconnectedness.

What goes through our minds when we are playing by the rules, making sure to isolate and stay safe? The interpretations of this pandemic did creep up into my work, but also there was so much time to just reflect, to look at objects in our house, to look out the windows. I did make "Covid" postcards to send to friends, and other printmakers started to do the same. I could see we just wanted to reach out to each other in a more tactile way, a connection to the past, to something that we could touch. I remembered my great grandma and her garden, the same grandma that quilted. She taught so many of us to quilt. My mom, who does so many things my great grandma has done, decided during the pandemic to make each of her five daughters a quilt. Mine was done first, in December 2020. Stitches also began to appear in the prints, as a reminder of continuity. The stitches, the grid, the houses, and finally the birds—the birds! The pandemic belongs to them and to them I say "Thank you for helping me find happiness in a world turned upside down."

Artist Information

Candace Nicol Garlock is an artist and Professor of Art at Truckee Meadows Community College, Reno, Nevada. Her work has been exhibited both nationally and internationally and occupies such prestigious permanent collections as the Boise Art Museum, Corcoran College of Art and Design, Rutgers Center for Innovative Print and Paper at Rutgers University, Southern Graphics Council Archives, The Kinsey Institute, National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, and Painting and Sculpture Museum Association, Istanbul, Turkey. She has been awarded the distinguished Nevada Arts Council Artist Fellowship in 2009 and the 2017 Nevada Regent's Creative Activities award. She also has been awarded an honorable mention in *Printmaking Today*, a review of fine art printmaking at the Dedalo Center for Contemporary Art, and the Castle of Castiglione Museum, Abruzzo, Italy. Nicol's work can also be seen in *100 Artists of the Male Figure* by E.Gibbons.

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Image Documentation

Waiting II, collagraph, photopolymer, 11" x 17", 2020
Waiting, collagraph, photopolymer, 10" x 20", 2020
For the Birds: Quilt Block 1, relief, monotype, gel transfer, 8" x 8", 2021
For the Birds: Quilt Block 2, relief, monotype, gel transfer, 8" x 8", 2021
The Space Between, collagraph, photopolymer, 14" x 11", 2021
Up, Down, Up Again, collagraph, photopolymer, 10" x 8", 2021
Stay Away, collagraph, photopolymer, 18" x 12", 2020

ROUGH DIAMONDS

Marion Wassenaar

Under an ecological framework, *Diamond Mine* is a body of work originating in Aotearoa, New Zealand during the first Covid 19 lockdown in March 2020. The exhibition title *Diamond Mine* also refers to the handmade series of works generated for the exhibition. *Diamond Dust* refers to a series of recycled works. Being denied print studio access to work on plates during this time and thinking both sustainably and resourcefully to meet an exhibition deadline led to experimentation in the carbonization of natural fibres. This comprised both the production and gathering of crocheted doilies made from pure cotton thread. The process engendered reflection of life's interconnectedness and the human toll on the inhabitation of the earth. In his discussion on traces and threads, Tim Ingold informed my practice-based research while Louise Bourgeois' *Crochet* series present a reference to both my methodology and an inquiry into alternative print techniques.

Lockdown across the country facilitated a renaissance of the handmade. The creation of handcrafted objects brings back fond memories of my mother's skills in crochet and her generation of fastidious and dedicated makers associated with women's work. Their hard-working hands spent meticulous hours for the decoration and comfort of their homes. For me, crochet became a labour of love in lieu of the restricted access to the print studio for the processing of plates. The act of crocheting developed into a routine pastime and form of escape during this pandemic. The pressure of an impending solo exhibition on the horizon also prompted a change in direction that explores a cyclic and sustainable process. Additionally, with consideration to value, the process reflected on a conceptual metamorphosis of the humble and unique crocheted doily as a carbon matrix. This was subjected to pressure through the printing press by a process that simulated the making of diamonds.

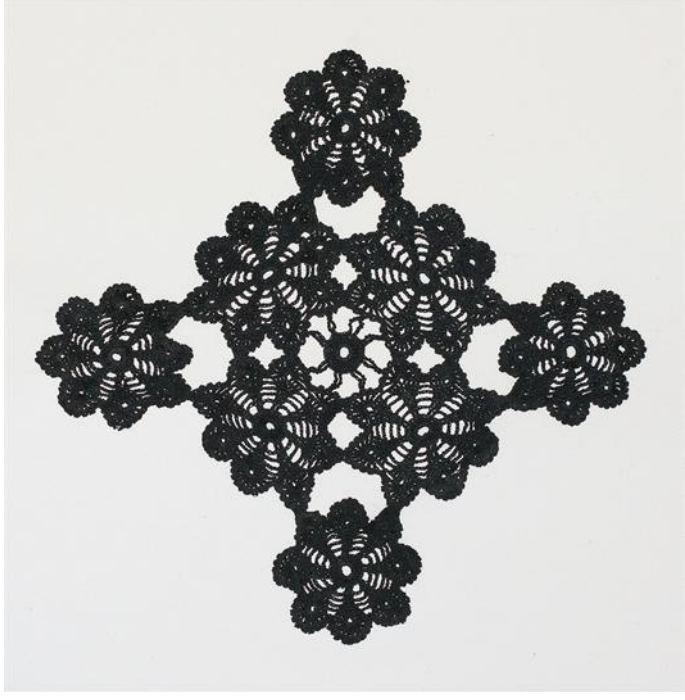
In a time of planetary instability and the vulnerability of natural resources, this body of work ponders the value of associating crocheted doilies with diamonds. Doilies can be readily and inexpensively sourced from opportunity shops, their origins unknown. Regarded as desirable, diamonds extracted from the earth can pass down family generations, holding their value while the doilies found in opportunity shops are deemed of little worth. In a tactile sense, touch, caress and care resonate in the creation of these doilies while communicating expressions and connections that feel very significant and responsive to these Covid times.

Through both recycling doilies (*Diamond Dust* series) and creating original doilies or copying the recycled doily patterns (*Diamond Mine* series), they then go through a process of carbonization in an endeavour to elevate the status of the humble doily. The rich black of the carbon replaces the conventional white or bone colored cotton thread in a positive/negative transference. Carbon under immense pressure, time and heat within the earth creates diamonds. This experimental work sequesters carbon by fire through the pyrolysis of the organic cotton thread used in the making of the doilies. The process involves the use of a biscuit tin to contain the doilies. With one small hole in the close-fitting lid of the tin to expel gases, the

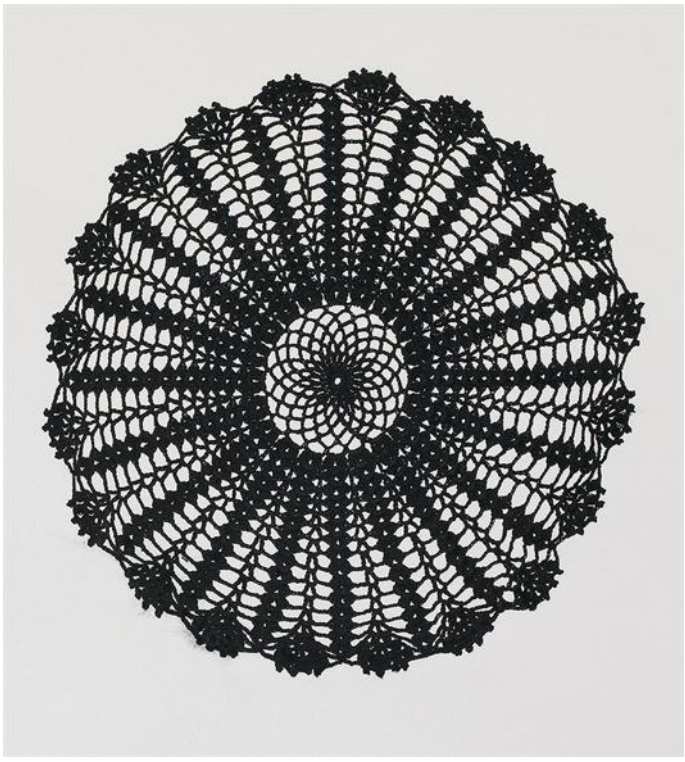
tin is placed in a slow burning fire inside a wood burner. Containment within the tin prevents oxygen entering, allowing carbonization to take place. This same process, but on a greater scale, has been used for centuries in the making of charcoal.

Once carbonized, the delicate object becomes both matrix and pigment through a chine collé process using nori rice paste printed onto Hahnemühle paper. The result involves a transfer of pigment comparable to the way a monotype involves the transfer of surface. The fragile threads remain intact in a surface that is both inscribed line and pigment in what Ingold describes as threads transformed into traces in their constitution. This is then subjected to pressure as charcoal pigment through a printing press, which as I see it, transforms conceptually into the elemental process that produces diamonds as unique state prints. While not accurately transformed into diamonds as the pressure that forms diamonds within the earth is so immense, the organic material has nonetheless undergone a metamorphosis that offers preservation and endurance in its carbon state.

The knots that comprise the construction of the doily are in Ingold's words, surface-creating. The knots of thread and texture in the make-up of the doily remain evident in the transfer of pigment in much the same way as Bourgeois' *Crochet* series retain their three-dimensional constitution. Mixografia Workshop approached her to produce a series of prints. At that time, Bourgeois was involved in the creation of shapes and forms through the act of weaving, twisting, and knotting material. Using string to construct her figures, these were then cast into copper plates and



reproduced with hand-made paper to construct the three-dimensional effect. The texture remains on the surface in a similar fashion to the *Diamond Mine* series but where Bourgeois' series has the intermediate step of casting from the original, *Diamond Mine* utilizes the original material transformed into carbon as unique state prints.



Diamond Mine was exhibited as a series of 16 framed works at RDS Gallery, Dunedin, New Zealand, March–April 2021. The exhibition included 11 works in the *Diamond Dust* series and 5 works in the *Diamond Mine* series. The paper size is 22.4" x 12.6".

References

Tim Ingold. (2010). *Transformations of the Line: Traces, Threads and Surfaces*, Textile, 8:1, 10-35, DOI: 10.2752/175183510X12580391270100

Deborah Wye. Ed. (2017). *Louise Bourgeois: The Complete Prints & Books*. New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 2017. https://www.moma.org/s/lb/collection_lb/objbyartist/objbyartist_artid-19534_role-4_sov_page-7.html

Artist Information

Marion Wassenaar is an artist, educator and curator working in Otepoti Dunedin, a southern city in Aotearoa, New Zealand. She has a background in commercial printing and gained an MFA with distinction, in 2013, from the Dunedin School of Art, Otago Polytechnic. She majored in the print studio with which she is now affiliated. Her practice-based research focuses on the collision between humans and their environment, either through social justice or ecological concerns. Associated with several art practices including print, installation and photography, she is particularly known for her experimental work with carbonized objects pertaining to issues of sustainability. In 2018, she was awarded the Estuary Art and Ecology Prize for her repurposed and carbonized book work *Unplugged*.

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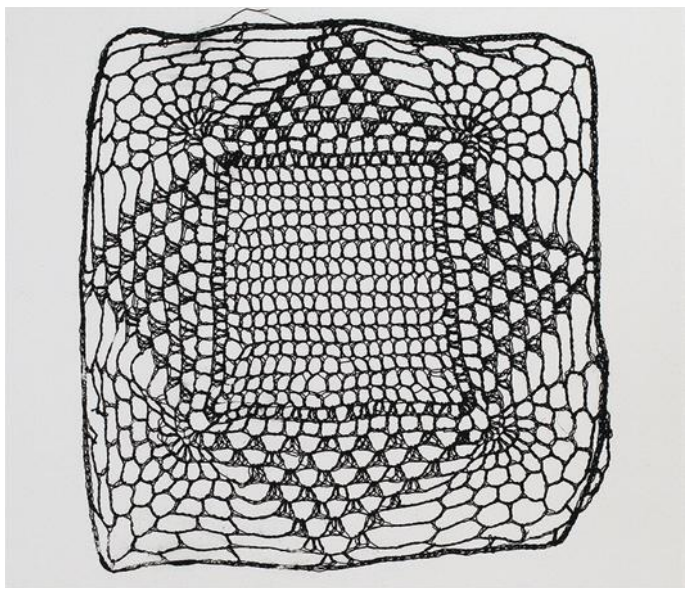


Image Documentation

Diamond Dust I before carbonization

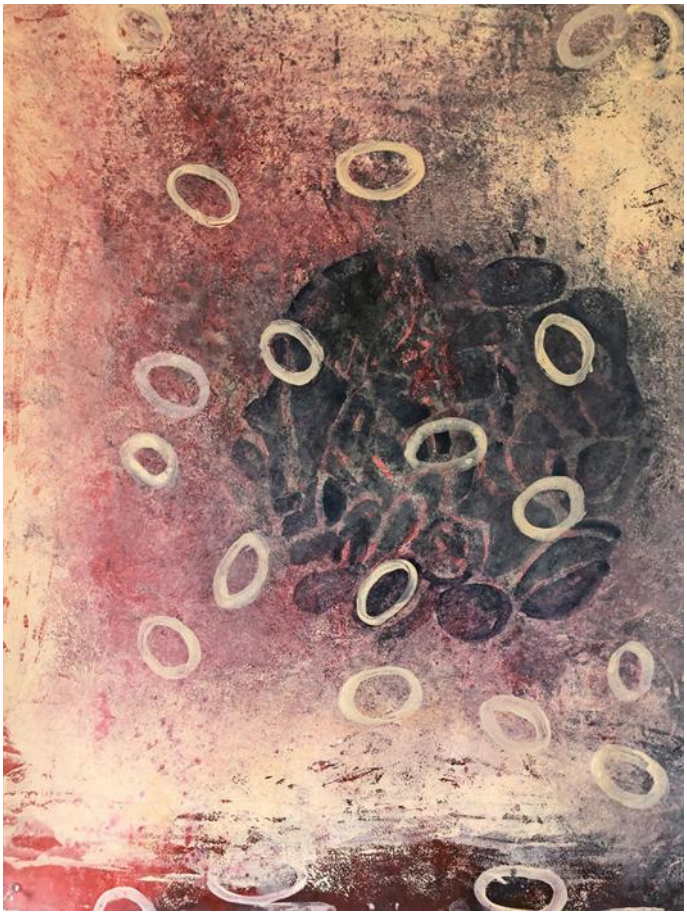
Diamond Dust I, carbonized cotton, 2021

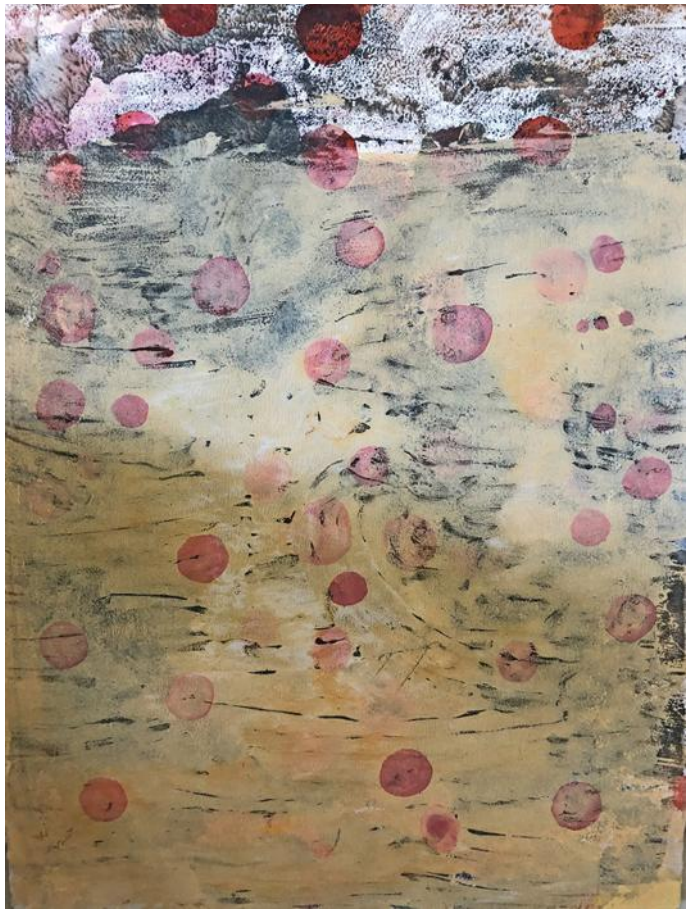
Diamond Dust III, carbonized cotton, nori rice paste on Hahnemühle paper, paper size 22.4" x12.6", 2021

Diamond Dust II, carbonized cotton, nori rice paste on Hahnemühle paper, paper size 22.4" x 12.6", 2021

Diamond Mine IV, carbonized cotton, nori rice paste on Hahnemühle paper, paper size 22.4" x 12.6", 2021

Diamond Mine V, carbonized cotton, nori rice paste on Hahnemühle paper, paper size 22.4" x 12.6", 2021





CONVERSATIONS WITH MY BRAIN: A PRINTMAKER'S JOURNEY

Lola Fraknoi

The pandemic had a silver lining for me, the opportunity to spend more time in the studio. Otherwise, Covid brought mainly fear, uncertainty and sadness. But soon, I was able to deal with these feelings a little better by incorporating them into my artwork.

It was in Lima, Peru (where I was born), at the printmaking studio of the Catholic University, studying under a very strict Swiss teacher, that I first started to print. I still remember how it took weeks to burnish the edge of my copper plate to his satisfaction.

That studio is where I first became attracted to printmaking. It was the way the process forced you to slow down, in the evolution of your ideas, in the physicality of the process and in the creation of the work.

Now, as an adult with a lifetime of experience behind me, coming up with ideas for my prints is a complex journey. Usually, the concepts begin with something that is happening in my personal life. In the past, for example, I've done series about my inability to sleep, about mirrors and wrinkles in women over 50 and about noticing how everyone was pointing fingers during normal conversation in our increasingly splintered political climate.

This time around, because of the oppressiveness of the pandemic I found myself checking in with my brain every day. How were things going in my mind? Was I feeling scattered, confused and scared, or clear headed and organized? And how was the condition of my brain affecting how I moved through my day?

Small wonder, then, that abstracted brain images started to appear in my prints. My collagraph plates showed shapes that resembled not only brains, but also cells and neurons reproducing, sometimes dispersed and other times contained within the brain. The layers of color inks provided atmosphere for the brain images to land and express their meaning. Sometimes, I would use collagraph plates and stencils to add colors and textures, but at other times I would scrape some of the ink off creating more veiled and ghostly shapes. In this process of adding and subtracting, the prints were able to show visually the intricacies of my ever-changing brain.

Some of the first prints scared me. It took me a while to let them flow freely and not worry so much about what I was revealing. Instead of consciously following a plan, oftentimes the images seemed to develop through letting the process do its own thing.

It also didn't hurt that right around this time, Melanie, my best friend, who is a doctor still involved in research, was showing me images of the brain and its workings from books and medical journals. Those scans, with all their detail and different impressions of light and dark, clearly had an influence on my work.

I have been hanging my new work on my studio walls which are now completely covered with my prints. Only when I looked at all the work together did a realization strike me. This series wasn't just about my brain, but about another brain that was very dear to me. I now understood they also represented a form of mourning for my mother, who died of Alzheimer's disease after a decade of suffering.

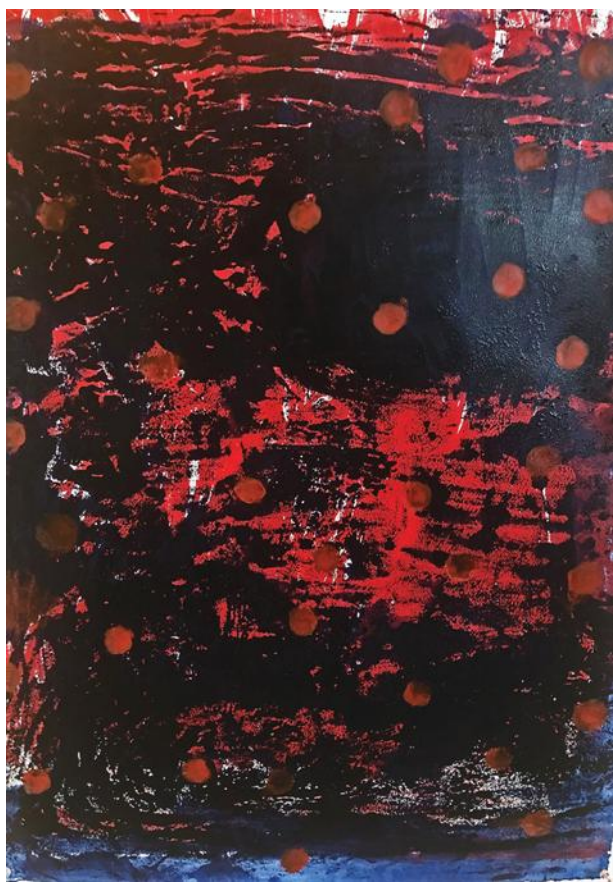
As many readers will know, the special tragedy of Alzheimer's is that it attacks and degrades the victim's brain. When words started to fail my mother, and we could no longer use them to communicate, I turned to art projects as something we could share. Research shows that creativity and the instinct to do art survive longer in a brain with dementia than words or numbers. Ultimately, I used the projects that had helped my mother and designed an entire suite of art projects for people with Alzheimer's. The suite is called Lola's ArtKit. The kit has helped many people with memory loss all over the world.

As I look at my current prints, I realize they are also about the memories of my mother's deteriorating brain, and reflect my grieving process. They brought up again the feelings of helplessness and devastation when I saw her diminish before my eyes. They are also about my own anxiety of getting the disease, which often runs in families.

To my mind, that potent realization of this double meaning is what the best art can do for one's own artistic journey. Sometimes when you look at your work all at once, you realize a deeper meaning that eluded you when you were engaged in the minute-to-minute process of making it.

Image Documentation

Scattered, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2020
Submerged, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021
Cloudy Fog, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021
Crevices, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021
Surface I, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021
Blue Neurons, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021
Racing, monoprint, 30" x 22", 2021



Artist Information

Lola Fraknoi was born in Lima, Peru and received her BA from Rice University, Houston, TX, where she also apprenticed in carving under master Japanese artist Masaru Takiguchi. Lola received her MFA from California College of the Arts, San Francisco, CA. She has taught art at City College of San Francisco, the Kala Art Institute, Berkeley, CA, the San Francisco State OLLI Program and San Francisco Senior Center. She has had a one-woman show at the Peninsula Museum of Art, San Bruno, CA, has illustrated books of poems by Elizabeth Rosner, and Ann Germanacos and has her own studio in Pacifica. Her art uses techniques and media inspired by many cultures, personal memories and social issues. These days she works primarily as a printmaker and sculptor.

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TRANSFORMATION DURING THE SLOW DOWN

Princess Simpson Rashid

My barn having burned down, I can now see the moon.
Mizuta Masahide, Japanese poet & samurai

Sometimes we have to slow down to see the things right in front of us. That's what happened to me. In this article, I describe the mental metamorphosis I went through while creating work as I navigated a breast cancer diagnosis, treatment regimen and then later an artist residency during the Covid-19 global pandemic.

After multiple surgeries and chemotherapy, I felt like the mythical phoenix rising from the ashes of who I used to be. The woman in the mirror was now so different in appearance and temperament. My art needed to change too. I started to explore the use of the psychological phenomena known as pareidolia (pare-i-DOH-lee-uh), because the chaos of illness sent me on a hunt for pattern, meaning and order.

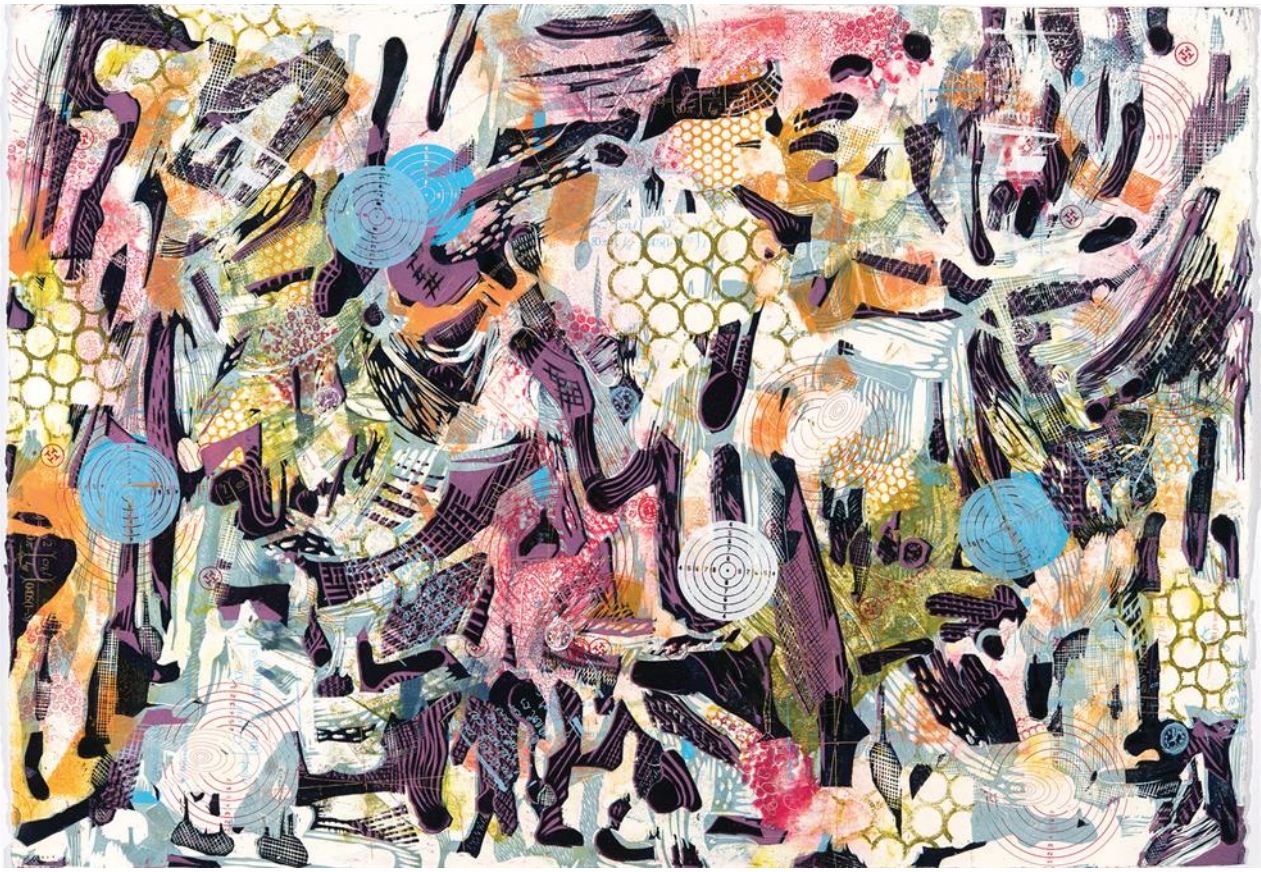
In 2016, while still in active treatment, I was commissioned to create a suite of monotypes for an exhibit at the Cummer Museum of Art & Gardens, Jacksonville, FL, entitled *Lift: Contemporary Expressions of the African American Experience.* That project was a lifeline for me. It was a physical and mental challenge because of chemo-fatigue and peripheral neuropathy affecting my hands and feet, but despite the discomfort, my spirit was encouraged. I believed the work mattered.

In the resulting *Uppity* series of 12 prints, I chose the monotype printmaking technique due to physical limitations. I wanted a fresh and spontaneous process that wouldn't tax me too physically.

For each print, I intuitively painted the image on a sheet of plexiglass. Placed paper over the wet ink and paint, then applied pressure with a weighted metal rolling pin, the Akua Pin Press. In one miraculous moment, the print was pulled off the plate and transferred onto the paper. It's difficult to get everything right in the first pull, but when it happens, it's amazing.

The titles for the suite of abstract monotypes in this series were taken from lines in the important poem turned song, *Lift Every Voice and Sing* by James Weldon and John Rosamond Johnson. In 1919, the NAACP declared it the Negro National Anthem.

As an African American, there are stories, memories and ghosts in the American zeitgeist which still haunt. They affect what I see. The patterns and dots I connect. Similar to how the controversial Rorschach inkblot tests attempt to shed light on the subconscious, I turned to pareidolia to help explore my cultural memory and history. When looking at the individual monotypes selected for the exhibit, sometimes I see a lynching; someone else, with another lived experience, would see just an ink splotch.



In the spring 2020, the Covid-19 pandemic and economic shutdown hit hard and again things went a little dark for me. Artist opportunities dried up. Temporarily, I had to move out of my studio and work strictly from home. But I think this period helped me become even more introspective. I went through tons of my neglected old sketchbooks and journals. Started working on my writing with an emphasis on poetry. Text started creeping into my sketchbooks. Specifically, my handwriting. I now wanted to show evidence of this form of mark-making in my art, no longer embarrassed by my known chicken scratch. I saw it as evidence of my humanity. The more I turned inward the more confident in myself I became.

Being stuck at home gave me another special gift. I noticed birds courting, butterflies and bees flying about and squirrels playing in my backyard. All things I hardly paid attention to before when the world was normal and I was about my business.

By the fall, some institutions were cautiously opening up and I was invited to serve as the Artist in Residence at Trident Editions, a print atelier and subsidiary of Florida State College of Jacksonville (FSCJ). To be invited to a print atelier and work with a master printmaker was a dream. So, when Patrick Miko of Trident Editions extended the invitation, I was honored. Despite the constraints of the pandemic on the facility, the master printer and myself, the large body of work generated

yielded a suite of 11 large format monoprints (36" x 54") and 28 smaller prints of various sizes on handmade paper.

The main three printmaking techniques used were monotype, reduction woodcut and silkscreen. Each print went through the large etching press at least nine times resulting in rich, energetic, layered surfaces. They reflect my current ideas about humanity, migration/diaspora and evolution as indicated by the titles chosen for each work.

This project stretched my thinking in terms of scale, layering and the power of masterful collaboration. I am a stronger printmaker because of the experience and the work produced. All the little observations I'd made during the shutdown incubated so when I began work on this new series, I had plenty of ideas and raw material to mine.

My cancer experience made me stop and take stock of my life. I searched for meaning and substance which led me to compose abstractions that were more socially and politically conscious than any of my previous work.

Through the misfortune of the Covid-19 pandemic, I learned to slow down and notice the little special moments like when a woodpecker visits a tree in my backyard or when my daughter needs her back rubbed and an encouraging word.

In both cases, I was transformed and the scope of my work expanded. For that I am grateful.

Artist Information

Princess Simpson Rashid is a professional visual artist working in printmaking. She earned her BS in Physics from Georgia State University and worked as a nano-science researcher at Georgia Tech Research Institute (GTRI). She studied painting and printmaking at the Escuela de Artes Plastica (EAP) in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. Her paintings and original prints have been exhibited in museums, art centers, galleries and alternative art spaces across the United States including Monterey Peninsula College and Pacific Grove Art Center (PGAC) in California and Tempus-Projects, Museum of Science & Industry (MOSI) in Tampa, various galleries at Florida State College of Jacksonville (FSCJ) and the Cummer Museum in Jacksonville, FL. Public collections of note include Baptist MD Anderson Cancer Center, Lake Eustis Art Museum and the Jacksonville Museum of Science & History (MOSH). Rashid currently operates her primary studio practice within the CoRK Arts District of Jacksonville, FL.

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Image Documentation

Destruction of the Temple, monoprint, 36" x 54", 2020, photo by Sean Kelly Conway

Bees, Locust, Humans, monoprint, 36" x 54", 2020, photo by Sean Kelly Conway

Ring With the Harmonies of Liberty, 21" x 17", 2016, photo by Doug Eng

A Wall Can't Stop Us, monoprint, 36" x 54", 2020, photo by Sean Kelly Conway

Metamorphosis, 18" 24", 2018

Stony the Road, 17" x 13", 2016, photo by Doug Eng

The Hero's Journey, monoprint, 36" x 54", 2020, photo by Sean Kelly Conway

THE NATURE OF LOSS

Susanna Harris

When I started making conceptual artwork, I wanted to incorporate my longstanding interest in environmentalism. I was accepted into Kent State University's (or KSU as I'll refer to it) two year Print Media and Photography MFA program in 2019. I made the difficult decision to continue attending even after my mom was diagnosed with stage four metastatic breast cancer in the summer of that year. With a large amount of both hesitation and imposter syndrome I moved from Columbus to Kent, OH. I knew I wanted to learn as much as I could and push myself to create work that challenged my then process.

My first semester was filled with smaller blind emboss prints as I began exploring what exactly I wanted my work to focus on. The dialogue of my mom's disease or the anticipatory grief I was experiencing did not yet feel possible to include in my work. I landed on coral bleaching and wanted to create large embossment prints but was completely unsure of how I would do that. After brainstorming, researching and problem solving, I created a list of variables that needed to be met. I needed a material able to both withstand the pressure of a large press and to be made into a shaped plate with intricate contour line details. It also needed to be marked on or carved into, environmentally friendly, and, not too cost prohibitive.

The material I chose was wood, but with the particular laser, and the personnel available this ended up not working, as the laser would not cut completely through. The deadline for the end of my first semester was fast approaching when I decided on a better material: plexiglass. With this new material in tow, I was able to create the plates. Not as environmentally friendly as I had hoped, but at least I would be reusing them for many prints.

I created the shapes of ambiguous coral outlines by first starting with photographs and then hand drawing an interpreted outline, eventually turning them into digital line images for the laser cutter to read. I started experimenting with printmaking techniques, different ink colors, and 22" x 30" papers. After some experimenting I found that 300 gsm Hahnemühle German Etching Paper was best for the deep embossments I wanted to achieve. I decided to use the same vector files to laser cut my experimental prints into those same ambiguous coral shapes, but was unsure how I would use these going forward. With a loose body of work and a few pieces I considered finished, I was again preparing for my end of semester reviews, but in March of 2020 my school, and the rest of the world changed dramatically.

First, everything, including KSU, closed down to prevent the spread of Covid-19. I watched from the third story print studio windows as students ran back and forth from their

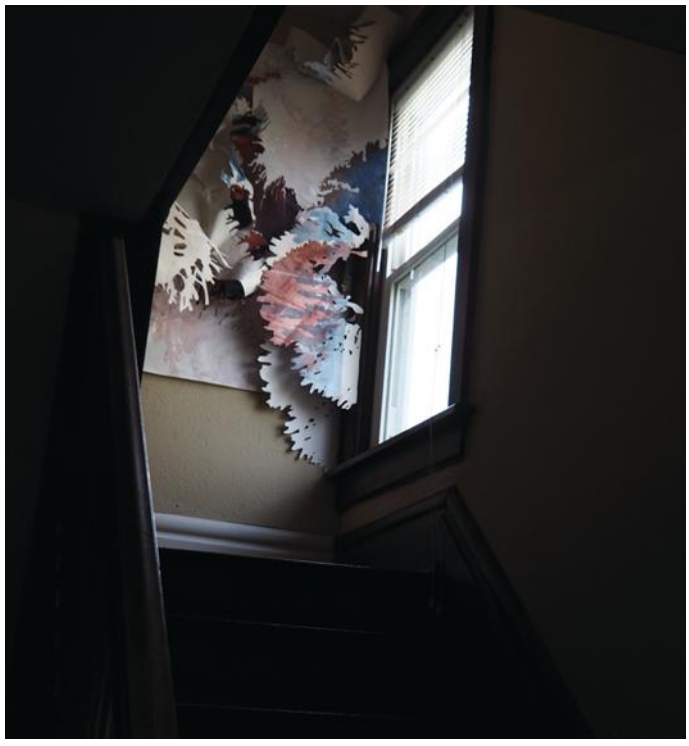
cars to their studios grabbing as much as they could before the end of the day. I opened my flat files, grabbed my stack of shaped prints and walked out to my car. I remember looking at the art building on my way out feeling as if I had just started getting used to being there, yet now I had no idea when I would be able to come back.

Part of me was excited as a young student on snow days. I was mostly excited to go home for an extended period of time. The first month or so was nice. I experimented further with my embossment concept and what I could do at home without a large press. I used paper pulp and termite-eaten logs to create fairly large pulp castings, but hadn't done anything with my prints that I had grabbed just before leaving the grad studio. Then in April 2020 my partner Keegan's father died very unexpectedly in a car accident. With my mom being immunocompromised, I felt I couldn't go back and forth between his house containing roommates, and my family home, so I temporarily moved in with Keegan to support him.

Within a few weeks the semester was coming to an end, and I still needed work for the final critiques. I decided to install my prints in the house where I was now living with my new-found roommates. Thinking about access, domestic spaces and grief, I experimented by placing the prints in various windows and photographing them both from the inside and the outside. I covered the windows in a room, only allowing light from the backlit, print-covered windows. I also created a monstrous form installation in the stairwell. My new roommates were both impressed and shocked at the dark, haunting, curious and beautiful images.

This work started to inform how I wanted to go forward in my printmaking practice, not only formally, but also contextually. I became more interested in creating an entire environment with installation, even if my audience could only experience it through photographs at that time. The mood of my first semester work was dramatically different. But I found that incorporating my experiences with grief became necessary. This discursive environment during the year 2020 further motivated the work I was making. That year was filled with disease and loss as the pandemic caused death on a global scale.

For two semesters I worked diligently toward my thesis exhibition and paper. As I considered my personal, and collective experiences with loss, disease and grief, I created my installation using print media, blind embossments and hand cutting. I incorporated fluorescent inks and paints on the backs of prints to explore the interconnectedness of ecological destruction, human fragility and resilience. Each layer was stacked together, able to droop and settle. The inks and paints on the back of prints projected their glow onto the layer behind them creating an ominously unnatural radiance.



My mom, Jan Harris, was able to see this exhibition in person and she even helped me document it. She passed away September 2021. I plan to continue creating work that explores these difficult topics while using the fragility and materiality of paper, but I am now interested in nature's reclamation and contextual parallels with rebirth after hardship.

Artist Information

Susanna Harris, based in Columbus, OH, is an interdisciplinary artist working in print media, installation and photography. Her work is situated at the intersection of resilience in environmental destruction and the human condition. She received her BA from Otterbein University, Westerville, OH, and her MFA from Kent State University, Kent, OH. She has received numerous awards, and funding for her work including an Aminah Brenda Lynn Robinson Professional Development & Research Grant and a Supply Grant from the Greater Columbus Arts Council as well as an International Travel Award and a Research Award from Kent State University's Graduate Student Senate. She has been an artist in residence for The Otterbein University Post-Baccalaureate A.I.R, Westerville, OH; The Lancaster Festival A.I.R, Lancaster, OH; and Zea Mays Printmaking Residency, Florence, MA.

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Image Documentation

Reaching for Depth, detail, blind embossments and ink on various papers, hand, laser and router cut, 2020

The Nature of Loss, detail, blind embossment on paper with painted back, individual prints 22" x 30", 2021

Occupants, Detail, blind embossments and ink, 2020

The Nature of Loss, blind embossment, 9' x 70' x 2', 2021

Occupants, window view

Reclamation, hand cut, burnt bound paper, 30" x 30" x 30", 2021

OPERA AND ME

Livia Stein

To say that opera saved my life during the Covid Pandemic of 2020–2021 would not be an exaggeration. Going back to reconstructing that time in any chronological manner feels like wading through a muddy swamp while darkness was enveloping the world.

February 2020, after my art opening at Transmission Gallery in Oakland, my partner David and I took a long planned trip to South India. We were in a big hurry; the heat was quickly taking over the already parched landscape; every day seemed critical to arrive there. This visit, one of many to India, felt like an absolute necessity for us since a trip to Kerala in the South was postponed three years earlier due to a visa problem. The visit was wonderful in all ways until the return. "Oh my God," we had left India with Covid trailing us. Two weeks after returning we were in lockdown. Excluding doggie walks and unavoidable trips to the grocery store we learned to stay indoors.

The new agenda wasn't too different from my pre-Covid time schedule, except that confinement was legislated by the government. I finally had an excuse to say "no" to social engagements such as lunches with friends, museum trips and art openings, which were aspects of everyday life. Don't think I didn't enjoy these outings, but they often didn't mix well with having more successful organized studio time. (I often was very conflicted between needing to put the work first and saying "no" to friends)

Very soon thereafter the opera jolted us into a new routine, one that we never anticipated. It would change our lives to a great extent. The new daily routine became: eat breakfast, work in the studio, break for a tasty dinner. We looked forward to streaming an opera from a huge catalog of composers and operas available from the New York Metropolitan Opera. In addition to this library, the MET provided a different opera to see and hear, seven days of the week. Each opera was available for a 24 hour period, a public gift due to the closure of actual in-person seating.

I must explain at this point that I was very well disposed toward opera. My whole life growing up was punctuated by my father's huge love of opera. I knew certain names of great stars I never even heard sing. I was very influenced by my father's passionate devotion to this unique form which encompassed musical theatre, including singing, acting, sets, design and high drama. I will always remember the first few operas I saw in 2020 as an absolute thrill. Not only did I feel my father joining us for the performance, but I was able to have him in my life again. It was almost like those Sunday phone calls from my parents that had long ago ceased due to the end of one generation of family.

I realized that I was familiar with much great music, by a weird type of osmosis I couldn't identify. I could remember many of my father's stories and anecdotes about opera, an art form that gave shape and meaning to both our lives, though I didn't realize it at the time.

I will always be grateful to have been part of that television audience beginning March 2020. I believe it is

almost a transcendent experience for all of us; a superb performer takes the stage for a final bow or curtsy and acknowledges with hand over heart in gratitude for having performed. This gift readily given to us has taken years of work and dedication. The performer gives love to the audience. An exchange takes place, wherein life is suspended and is momentarily perfect. Just for that extended moment the world is also perfect, perhaps because we have experienced what is called *bliss*.

This new avenue of entertainment spoke to my love of history, poetry and literature. I began to read certain Shakespeare plays that incorporated themes and dialogue woven into the operas. Contained therein was the quest for certain truths, beyond the need for vengeance and retribution that is unfortunately present in many operas. The concepts of forgiveness and selflessness are also written into many successful operas.

Technically speaking, my method was to draw in an 8" x 10" sketchbook during an opera, using many beloved and varied fountain pens. I would then finish the drawings after the opera concluded and pick certain drawings to paint with gouache and continue to realize. I would later make pronto plates from original sketches from which I wanted to do more. I first made laser copies of the actual drawings. Then I would make a pronto plate using the traditional litho method of gum arabic and etching ink. I usually made my print on white 22" x 30" BFK paper. This layer would provide me with visual information I needed to begin a more technically challenging piece. I would often use gouache, fabric, paper collage, and whatever else was necessary to facilitate a *successful print*.

I began to place the opera imagery in my larger oil paintings, which were over five foot square. I would recount a particular story and character I found interesting. This was not a literal but a more internalized process. The opera images became a way for my own made-up stories and figures to then exist on their own terms, freed of the actual story or character. In a sense, the operas I saw and used in my smaller sketchbook drawings, became a jumping off point for other work.

By making drawings from the almost daily opera streams, month after month, I also improved my overall drawing skill. I began a period of relaxed anticipation with the process. The operas became a part of my personal experience, a story that I continue to work with. This immersion in opera, its players and lore, continue to benefit and enhance my life as an artist tremendously. Opera claims a wide swath of everyday life and continues to fascinate and amaze me.

Image Documentation

Queen with Crown, monotype/mixed media, 18" x 18", 2021
Red Plaid, monotype/mixed media, 23" x 19", 2021
Tannhauser, monotype/mixed media, 18" x 18", 2021
Black Polka Dot, monotype/mixed media, 18" x 18", 2021
Marriage of Figaro, monotype/mixed media, 24" x 18", 2021
Pinkerton, monotype/mixed media, 18" x 18", 2021

Artist Information

Livia Stein was born in Dallas, TX and raised in Southern California. She studied history at University of California at Berkeley and pursued a master's degree in South Asian Studies at the University of Pennsylvania. She spent several months in India as a student and has continued making many trips there over the past 30 years. Influenced to do photography by her father, a talented photographer, she studied at Art Center College of Design. She began to shift her artistic focus away from photography to painting while completing Master's Degree at San Francisco State University. She resides in Oakland, CA where she maintains a studio. She is a painter and printmaker who works often in mixed media. Her work has been exhibited in Europe, South American, India and throughout the United States and is included in many private and public collections.

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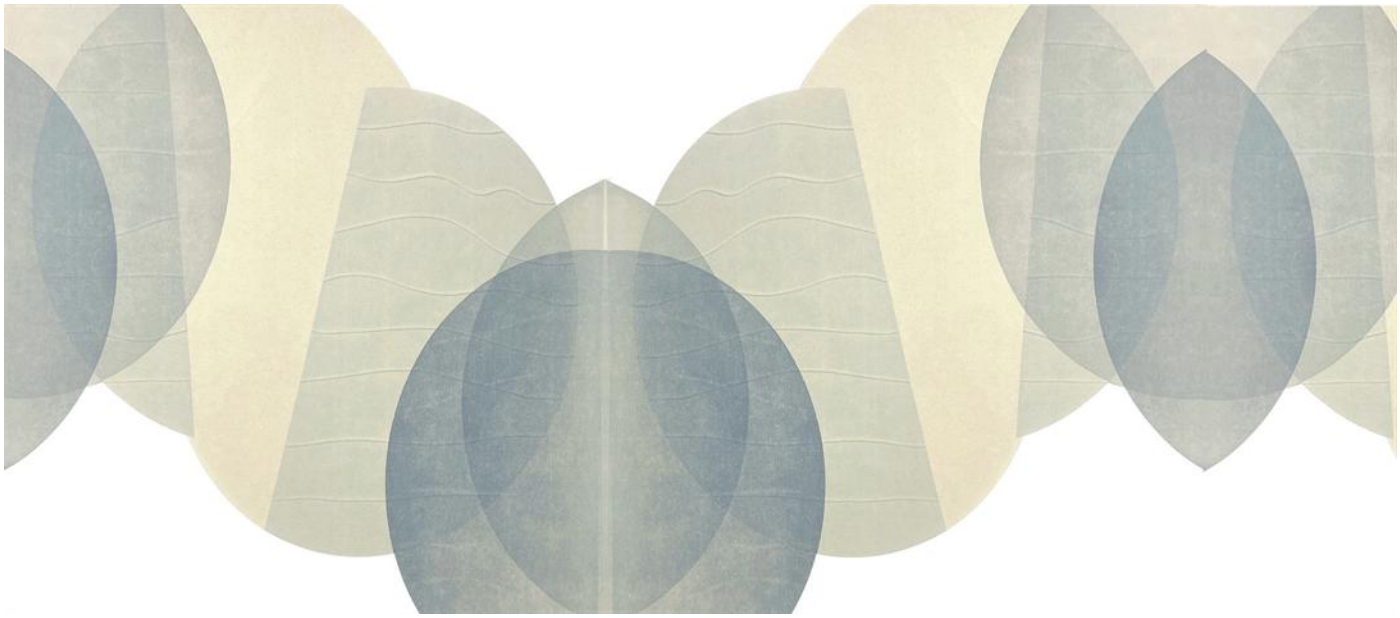


SHIFTING LAYERS OF CHANGE

Beth Fein

There was something very different about the death of my mother at the end of January 2021. I had visited her at the beginning of 2020, about a month after my father's death. Maybe the biggest disparity in the two losses was that I had not seen my mother for almost a year. When she became ill, I could not go to be with her. I, like many others, could only say goodbye on a video phone call. Her death seemed unreal or intangible and an unfathomable loss from a distance. Everything about my mother's death was virtual: the funeral, mourning and family gathering. My sister and I had taken care of our parents for the last decade and should have been in the room together to grieve, reflect, and eat traditional food brought by friends and neighbors.

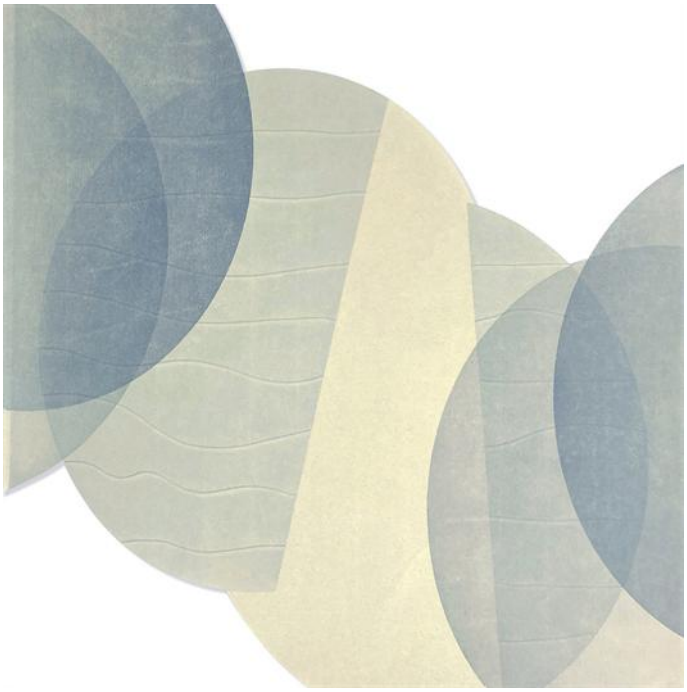
The dismantling of my parents' home greatly affected me. I wished to hold things in my hands, to make choices, to process what was happening. I treasure chance ephemera that wander into my life and art practice. I missed going through drawers and cabinets—pulling out memories, just looking at the house as we had known it; sitting on the sofa to watch the birds at the feeder and sort through papers and objects. I had to accept decisions made over the phone and with pictures of this object and that; many were made by artists I knew. I did not realize how deeply this exacerbated my grief.

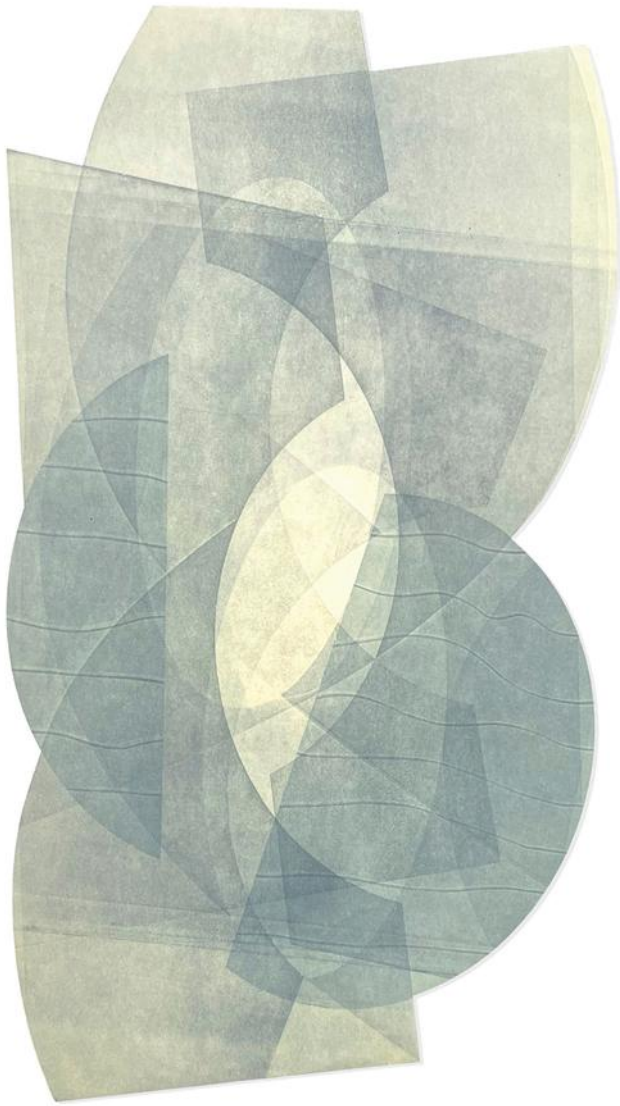
My mother's effects arrived at my house shortly before it was time to leave for an artist residency at InCahoots in Sonoma County. This was my first foray into the world since the shelter in place had begun. Residencies usually spark my creativity immediately. I enter into a new space, a clean uncluttered studio, and my creativity surges through me into the visible world. I arrived with laser cut wood blocks without any clear idea how I would print them. What I did not realize was how deep in mourning I was and of course, it was compounded by the pandemic and quarantine.

At first, it was almost impossible for me to even measure and cut paper. Somehow simple tasks seemed very difficult. I tried printing on the press, but realized I was not ready. I had also brought with me laser cut wood scraps and a series of ascending size wood circles. I used a wood burning tool at the residency and began to incise the wood circles and other wood scraps. This was soothing and productive. I had a new mark making technique and it was a meditative way to quietly begin working.

Gradually I began to explore shape, form and color on the letterpress. I began to find a path back from isolation and sorrow. This began with the laser cut woodblocks I made in anticipation of the residency. I had a number of matrixes with which I began to explore form and color. I started with very transparent color on Japanese papers and paper-backed silk to build up the layers, so that I could see through to the paper or silk. I printed front and back on the paper prints. All became a slow reveal as the layers built up. The release of imagery through pressure began to mirror my inner emotions.

I was not editioning in a traditional sense. I made slight changes with each pass of paper or silk through the press. I worked with the materials before me without a fixed plan of where I was going. The transparency of the ink, the placement of the matrix on the press and that of the paper were not set before each pass of the press. I enhanced the variability with pressure plates from cut paper and thread. The thread was not completely fixed in place, so it could





move during the printing. I flipped and turned the pressure matrixes to create unanticipated variations and shadows of line. These pressure plates went beneath the paper or silk before going through the press.

Improvising and experimenting through chance and choice, these monoprints evolved as a collage of the seen and the unseen. This work focused on the nuanced and shifting layers of my recent existence. I was experimenting with forms that had open spaces and many layers to peer through as I was peeling back the curtain of emotion that had enveloped me. The colors shifted from mournful blues to brighter shades as my grief lightened. I have continued to work on this print series, seaming prints together to create larger works. My environment continues to exert pressure on me and the gravity of loss comes and goes. This way of working—being both prepared and flexible while letting the materials guide me—remains transformative.

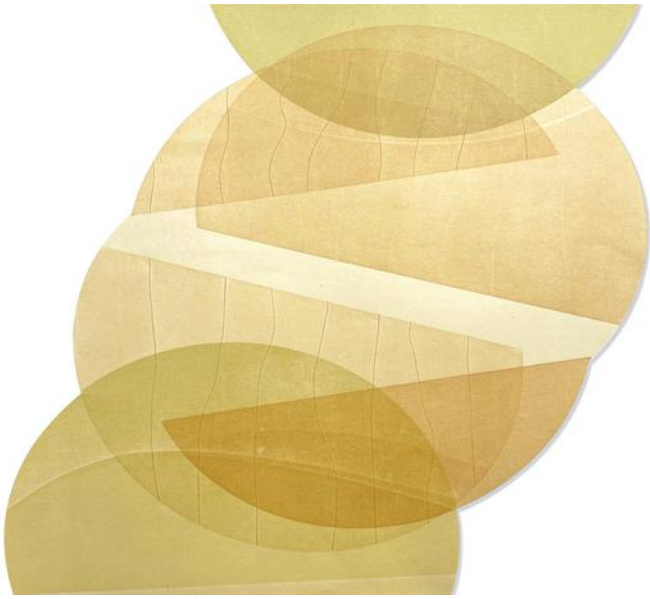


Image Documentation

Blue Eclipse, archival pigment printed silk, 36" x 85", 2021

Blue Rising, wood block letterpress print on Kitikata, 21" x 17", 2021

Quarrel of Grief, wood block letterpress print on Kitikata, 28" x 15", 2021

Wood Circles, wood matrix made with wood burning tool, 10" diameter, 2021

Behind Closed Eyes, wood block letterpress print on Kitikata, 18" x17", 2021

Unseen Within, wood block letterpress print on Kitikata, 26" x 17", 2021

Unseen Within II, wood block letterpress print on Kitikata, 26" x 17", 2021

Artist Information

Beth Fein is an interdisciplinary artist who lives in Berkeley, CA. She works in her Oakland studio and as an artist-in-residence at KALA Art Institute in Berkeley. Fein's art practice includes printmaking, installation, sculpture, video and performance. She has exhibited nationally and internationally. For over a decade, Fein created and directed her conceptual public, participatory, art project *Dance Anywhere®* making art accessible and bridging differences among diverse communities. Her work is in the collections of the Yale University Library, the Oakland Museum of California, Taller Grafica Experimental Havana and the San Francisco Art Commission. Fein has been awarded artist residencies in Cuba, Spain, Argentina, Basel, Switzerland, New York, Vermont and California. She teaches non-toxic and new technology print workshops. She is a professional member of the California Society of Printmakers, the Los Angeles Society of Printmakers and the Boston Printmakers.

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A JURASSIC MEDIUM RESURFACES

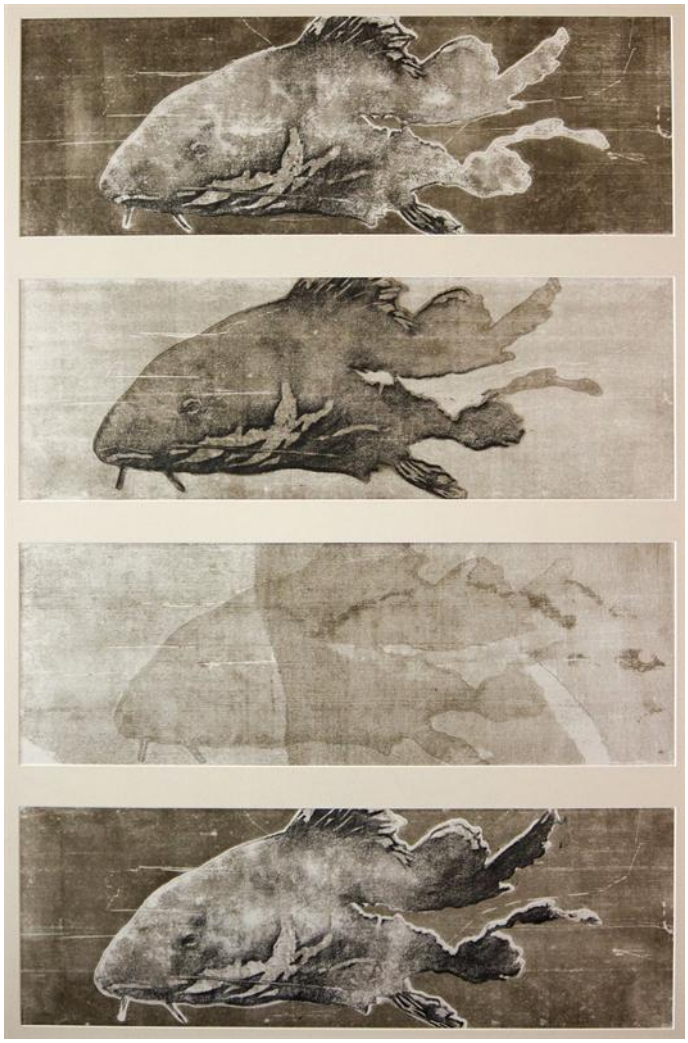
Matthew Lintott

When the first UK lockdown was announced in March 2020 I was approaching the end of the second year of my Masters in Printmaking. Suddenly we had no access to the studios. The longer it went on, the clearer it became that access was going to be limited, at best, for the duration of the MA. This quickly forced me back to the roots of my practice, as the last thing I wanted was to stop making prints. While I believe that constraint can make us more creative, at that moment I was trying to expand my repertoire and explore new possibilities, not reduce them. The situation forced me back to the basic elements of my practice. At home I had no acid, no hot plates, no rosin boxes, no water baths and, most importantly, no presses to work with. Now all I was using was plywood, two main gouges, paper, a roller, a pencil and ink and some graphite.

My background is in relief printmaking with a speciality in woodblock. Throughout the course I was looking to broaden my general printmaking skillset with a particular focus on intaglio techniques. I was most often found in the etching studio learning about drypoint, carborundum, soft ground drawing and aquatint.

My aim, once obtaining a good grasp of these new techniques, was to create hybrid images; to combine a wet process with a dry one, woodblock with etching. I wanted to have elements of both techniques clearly on show within the same composition. This was, however, proving exceptionally difficult. I print my woodblocks by hand without the use of a press, and the paper I use is very lightweight handmade Japanese paper. Such paper doesn't have the rigidity to cope with being wet without distortion. It also can't survive the pressure of the press without becoming embossed. I was running multiple tests, searching patiently for the method that would offer hope of a successful marriage of the two approaches.

Stuck at home in lockdown, I now returned to woodblock, to hand printing. I began thinking about new ways of approaching familiar processes. How best to utilize what I had access to? Quickly it felt like ideas were going to be my strength. I wondered if I could recreate some of the characteristic elements of what I had learnt in etching, yet without those tools and resources. It was in this period I came up with a process I am still working with now.



Using stencils to protect certain areas of an inked up block, I experimented with 'stripping' the exposed areas,

and lowering the tone of the ink. I repeated this process which gave me a range of tones from a single application of ink, resembling the tonal graduation typical of an aquatint yet without time consuming multiple blocks. After removing the stencils from the protected areas I applied pressure with non-absorbent materials. This created effects reminiscent of the surrealist decalcomania technique, leaving impressions in the ink that would later be transferred to the paper. I then carved a mirror image of the ink block allowing me to place this behind the print when dry. I used this to pick out certain areas with graphite, like a brass rubbing. The heavy, dark and textural tones of the graphite seemed to me a clear reference to carborundum. The time I had spent learning new printmaking methods in the etching studio was clearly influencing my imagery, even without employing them.

I experimented varying the energy of how I applied the graphite. Sometimes slow and methodical, other times fast, gestural and unplanned. It added more of a drawn quality to my work.

I explored the tonal variations possible from a single color through varied pressure when printing by hand, similar to techniques used in Mokuhanga. I began to research those processes more. The act of varying pressure became a mark making tool in its own right, even using the edge of a baren to *draw* a line from the back of the paper (*Baren-Suji*). By not using a press and utilizing hand pressure as an important facet of the language of the print it encouraged a sensitivity of mark making in me. The whole process remained in my hands.

Around this time I was in conversation with Dr. Jakob Vinther, a Paleobiologist at Bristol University, who introduced me to the possibilities of making ink from the fossilized remains of a cephalopod. He gave me a Jurassic fossil with the dried and compacted ink sac of a 200 million year old squid embedded within. The ancient sepia first needed to be dug out of the rock that contained it. Re-animating the ink was a powerful process; a resurrection. The Jurassic fossil had preserved the melanin perfectly. After rehydrating the fossil I realized I had to grind it down and sieve it out otherwise tiny coarse fragments would tear the paper. I experimented with drying the ink out and using it like a graphite and adding the liquid sepia to my printing ink.

My practice is focussed on collaborating with the past, so this Jurassic ink was an incredibly fitting medium with which to work. An awareness of the impermanence of all things was in focus while working with this medium. The pressure I was using with my hand to translate my ideas onto paper felt like distant echoes of the forces that had preserved the fossil.

Pressure, that is so key to the process of printmaking, is acknowledged by the use of this ancient material. And water, the element that the squid lived in, was the necessary agent to release the ink from its dried and captive state. Ideas around the perception of time bubbled to the surface of my mind as I worked—deep time and personal history. The printing process itself works as an archival act of preserving memory.

I found that I was creating collaborations on many forms. With the landscape that preserved the fossil, with the science community that introduced me to the specimen and perhaps even with the ancient squid itself.

The pandemic forced me to change the way I was working. It focused on a commitment to a *lo-fi* approach, using methods that required few resources. It also helped

Artist Information

My practice is focused on collaborating with the past: with those that have been forgotten or that which is wild or lost. I have always been drawn to remote and wild places, places that feel both past and present; unanchored in time. These other places are liminal in nature, where we have the chance to explore the wild us. Inspiration for my work comes from myth and archetype. I am currently working with ancient inks rehydrated from 200 million year old fossils. My practice begins with an experimental approach to relief printmaking, specializing in woodblock.

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me focus on what I was wanting to say. It created a narrow lens with which to express my practice through; it felt like the narrative of my work became a more powerful tool, as so many visual techniques were not available. Even as UK society starts to open up again and access to a full studio is now possible, it feels as if I have found a voice in the low resource approach and that this is my way of making. Of course that will change, like all things, over time. But for now, my aesthetic style seems rooted in simple methods inspired by more complex ones. Taking what I have learnt elsewhere and recreating a version of it with as few tools as possible. What I like about that is that it feels like I can continue that in almost any situation.

Image Documentation

Namazu, woodcut and graphite, 8.3" x 24", 2020

Onamazu, woodcut and graphite, 41.3" x 28", 2020

Messenger, woodcut and graphite, 18.9" x 25.2", 2020

Time, real and imaginary, woodcut made with fossilized ink from the Jurassic period, 18" x 18", 2020

Time, real and imaginary II, woodcut made with fossilized ink from the Jurassic period, 18" x 18", 2021

Transitive, woodcut and graphite, 16.5" x 19.3", 2020

Imprint, woodcut and graphite, 17.7" x 24.8", 2020

SVALBARD IN THE STUDIO: PRINTS FROM THE CLIMATE CRISIS

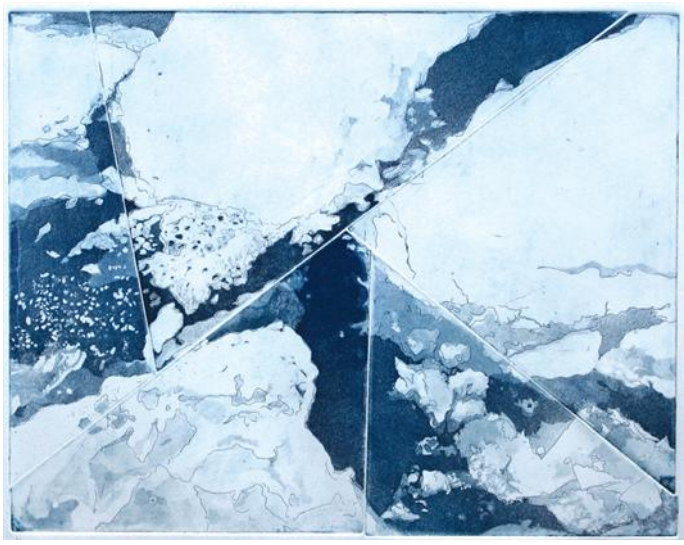
Megan Broughton

From May 2020 to June 2021, I was furloughed from teaching printmaking due to the pandemic. Thankfully I retained access to the studio, which I manage for students when the school is open. In their absence, I adapted it to my own use and enjoyed an extensive period of uninterrupted artmaking and creative thought processing. Other than short term residencies, I had never had the time and space free of physical and mental distractions or obligations to fully pursue a mode of inquiry. With life suspended, time passed slowly but richly. This was particularly meaningful as my content grew to be about time, gain and loss through the lens of Arctic ice.

In June 2019, I participated in The Arctic Circle Residency in Svalbard, Norway, sailing along the western coast. I went in the "educator" category with my coworker to observe and adopt their approach to an arts and science curriculum focused on ecological citizenship. We spent hours with the Arctic Guides, polar bear guards and crew, learning to read landscapes and track the history of a place through the type of ice present and its behavior. I recall pouring over *A Field Guide to Ice* by James H.C. Fenton in the ship's library, which I purchased afterward. The pandemic and furlough abruptly shifted my processing away from curriculum to my own studio practice. I began making experimental etchings, ruminating on their shared materiality with Svalbard. Copperplate etching was heavily on my mind while in Svalbard, as the landscape is riddled with abandoned mines. Though none were copper mines, the connections were implicit. I grappled with the environmental impact of artmaking and considered alternate modes of production. Referencing thousands of photographs and videos from the residency, I delighted in the variety of the landscape and how differently the same elements (such as ice and snow) behaved in, and shaped locations. I wanted to explore these forms and their destruction through copperplate etching as a technique I adore, and one that produces irreversible damage.

Aquatints and flat biting adhered to and enhanced the original image, which was drawn across five plates that fitted together as puzzle pieces. This meant the image could "drift apart" or overlap. Over time, it was impossible to fit together due to acid reconfiguring the edges of the plates. There were surprises in this process and it was a bittersweet lesson in letting go; but overall it was predictable and easily controlled. I felt the need for less control, more guidance from the subject matter and more trust in the process.

This led me to the Recherchebreen etchings which had no drawn element and relied entirely on chemical reactions between ice, copper and ferric chloride. These were created by applying an aquatint ground to a copper plate, placing ice cubes atop the plate and pouring ferric chloride over the ice. Ferric is denser than water, so it fell to the surface of the plate and etched the copper. As the ice cubes melted, the ferric traveled with it and the etch matched the rate of the melt. This created recognizable imagery of ice, which surprised and delighted me for whatever reason, that it



could represent itself so exactly with no outside parameters. Early results were ephemeral and beautiful and while I appreciated their celebratory nature, they were too perfect and constrained. While they spoke effectively as prints, it didn't capture the full dynamism of the ice, reflect the forming process, or speak to loss and destruction in a direct way. I began altering the plate edges via extensive flat biting. In 24 hour long acid baths, they more fully evoked the organic shape of ice blocks and could exist outside a typically, tightly controlled medium. Although the loss of imagery and copper was planned, the extent and outcome was unpredictable, and in the end I was in possession of plates which had to be embraced on their own terms. A critical moment occurred when the stop out varnish meant to protect the plate from acid broke down along the brush marks, leaving deep gouges across the surface in areas that I wished to preserve. This felt like an intense loss and I was convinced I had made the wrong decision by pushing the plates too far. It was only through the support of a fellow coworker with extensive fine art printing experience, consulting with my geography-trained sister and by having the time to sit with the results and engage with them that a whole wealth of far more exciting possibilities emerged. The deeply etched brush marks were, after all, mimicking the effect of glacial rocks scraping and carving into the landscape. Nothing had been lost, much had been gained.

Throughout the year, I avidly sought information on ice. I took an online course developed by the University of Colorado, Boulder following the MOSAiC Expedition (Multidisciplinary drifting Observatory for the Study of Arctic Climate). Enacted by hundreds of researchers, scientists and support crew, this was the largest polar expedition in history, emulating explorer Fridtjof Nansen's daring expedition in the wooden ship, *Fram*, from 1893–1896. Like Nansen's *Fram*, the *Polarstern* was deliberately locked into pack ice north of Siberia to join the transpolar drift for a year, eventually exiting in the same area where my own ship encountered pack ice.

The course covered polar studies undertaken during the expedition via presentations, additional resources, articles and publications that arose from the expedition. I obtained one such companion text, *Drift Stories from the Central Arctic*, published by The Helmholtz Climate Initiative REKLIM (Regional Climate Change and Humans), a network of nine research centers based in Germany. Prior to the residency I devoured Kathan Brown's *The North Pole*, a recounting of her travels in the region. Brown's book was a special bridge between worlds. Brown is the founder of Crown Point Press where two of my printmaking mentors built their friendship, resulting in them working at The Oxbow School where I eventually joined as a student and then a co-worker.

A sense of mourning and melancholy, but also joy and celebration, pervaded the printing process. I began to understand the prints as not only ruminations on ice loss and the climate crisis, but also on the losses that society experienced during the pandemic and ones that I myself was experiencing outside the studio. To have a period of such intense and vibrant growth during that moment in time presented infinite dichotomies, some of them more wrenching than others. The richness of my furlough year came at great cost at scales both personal and universal. My hope for the future is that more artists can experience this deeply enriching use of their time without the cost to financial security or only within the context of a global pandemic. I was exceedingly fortunate to have pursued a studio year given the circumstances, and wish for future similar opportunities for myself and others.

Artist Information

Megan Broughton is a Napa/Los Angeles based artist, educator, editor and freelancer. She earned a BFA in Fine Art from the California Institute of the Arts (CalArts) in 2012 and is now the Printmaking Instructor and Academic Dean at The Oxbow School in Napa, CA. She has held residencies at The Earthfire Institute, ID (2012); Can Serrat, El Bruc, Spain (2014, 2017); and The Arctic Circle, Svalbard, Norway (2019). She is the founder of The Oxbow School's After School Art Program for local middle school students and was a founding instructor at NOMAD Lab which was awarded The John Anson Ford Human Relations Award from the Los Angeles County Human Relations Commission for exemplary practice and exceptional leadership in human relations work. Her work has been exhibited throughout the United States and she is a member of the California Society of Printmakers and Northern California Women's Caucus for Art.

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Image Documentation

Brash ice in the fjord in front of Lilliehöökbreen glacier, Svalbard, Norway, June 2019

Recherchebreen Glacial Lagoon 1 (two plate, multicolor), aquatint, spitbite, flat bite, 9" x 24", 2021

Pack Ice II, State I, aquatint, spitbite, flat bite, 15" x 18", 2021

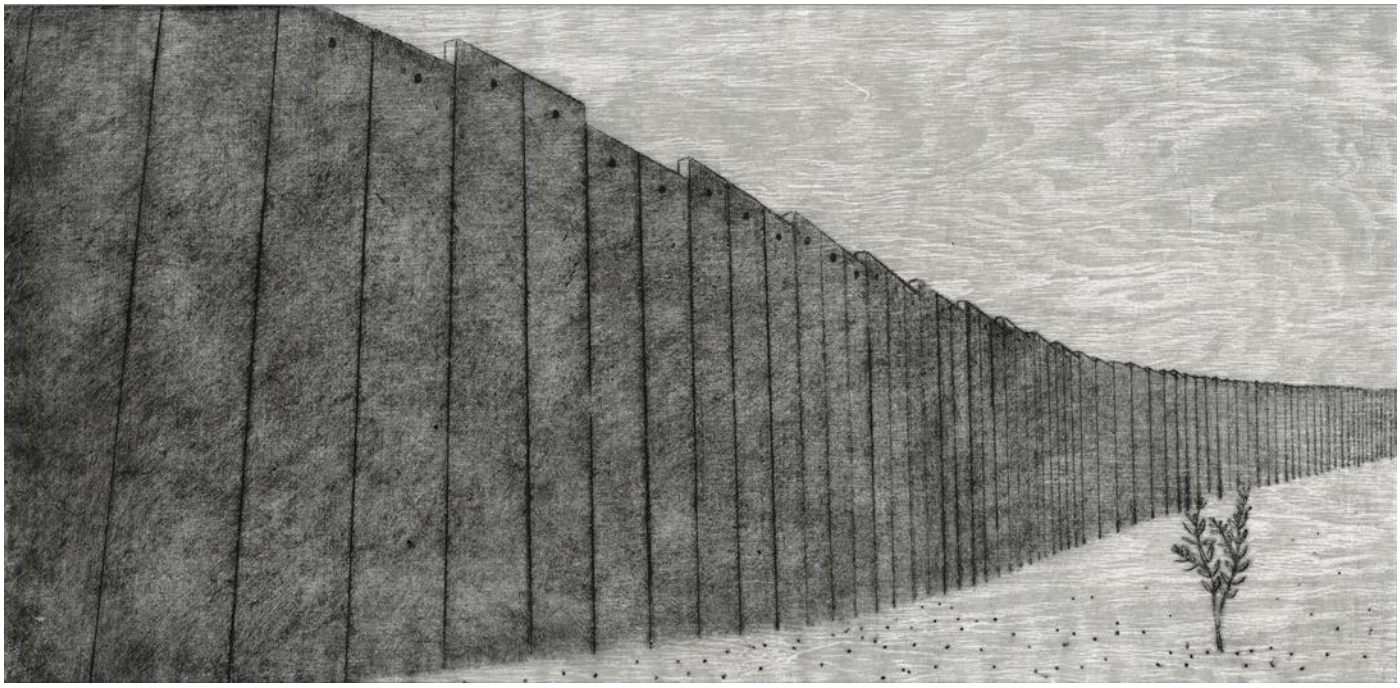
Pack Ice II, State V, aquatint, spitbite, flat bite,15" x 18", 2021

Recherchebreen Glacial Lagoon 21, large monoprint, aquatint, spitbite, flat bite, 29" x 41", 2021

Recherchebreen glacier and its lagoon, Svalbard, Norway, 6, 2019

Recherchebreen Glacial Lagoon 20, large monoprint, aquatint, spit bite, flat bite, 29" x 41", 2021

Pack Ice II State V plate detail, hard ground, aquatint, flat bite, 2020



BORDER BARRIERS: A DIFFERENT LOCKDOWN

Pamela Dodds

When Toronto went into Covid-19 pandemic lockdown in March 2020, I was in the studio beginning a new body of work in copper plate etching. My previous work has been primarily in linocut and woodcut. A core inspiration has been the complexities of human relationships and my curiosity about how human beings succeed or fail to engage across barriers, whether emotional or historical, intimate or societal. A political perspective has always underpinned these explorations of intimacy and relationship. In new work, I would address the societal factors, rather than the personal factors, that affect individuals and interactions. My perspective had shifted towards global events, leading to a shift in medium, subject matter and imagery.

Using the facilities at Toronto's well-equipped print shop, Open Studio, the large hotplate for applying hard ground, the rosin box for aquatint, the acid baths to etch the plate, I began the work in intaglio, creating tones and textures, so different from relief impressions. And then, in March, the city shut down. Businesses and schools closed, my teaching gigs ended and Toronto's pedestrian-crowded sidewalks and traffic-jammed streets became eerily deserted. Open Studio closed too and, with that, my access to the facilities for etching.

The pandemic lockdown meant that etching was out of the question, but fortunately, I had a home studio with a small press. Printing would still be possible. Experimenting with materials at hand, my thoughts turned to drypoint. I felt drawn to this direct method of scratching an

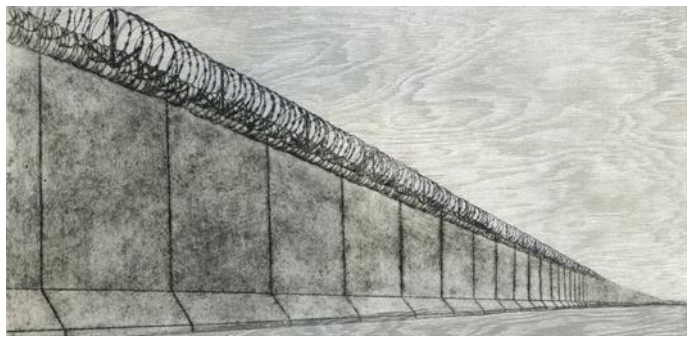
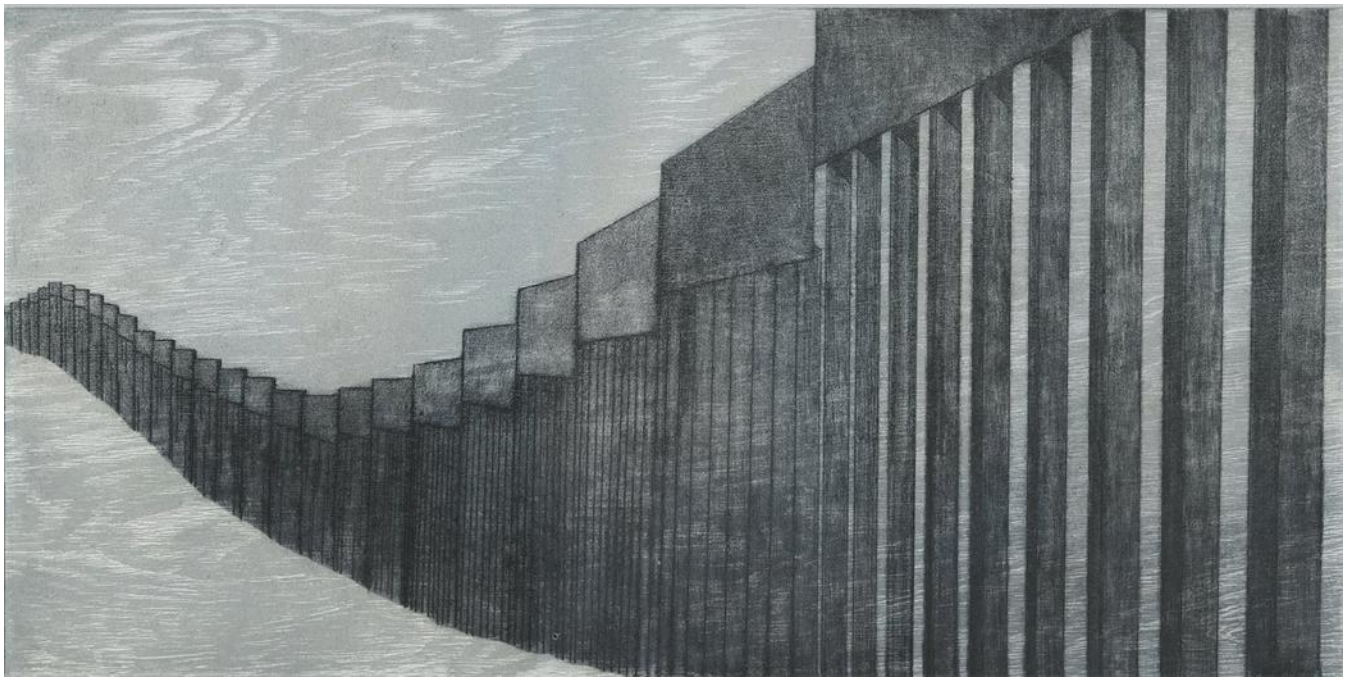
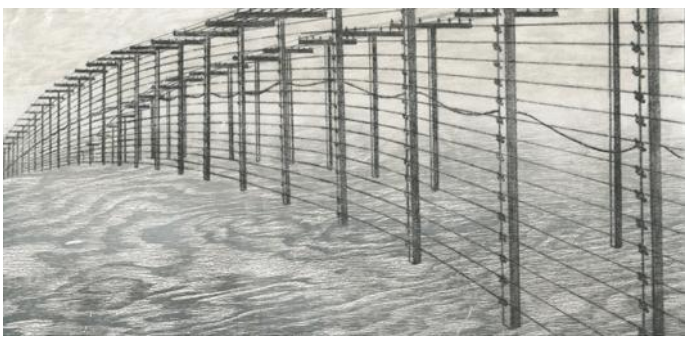


image onto the plate, a less process-intense method than woodcut and linocut. In fact, I found drypoint suited my temperament and imagery. It could provide a particularly visceral impression. With daily life cancelled and movement restricted, and with government relief soon in the offing, an expanse of space and time opened before me. The early pandemic times arrived with disorienting challenges and troubling uncertainties, and yet, the lockdown had brought me to the right medium for my work, and the time and space for focused creation.

The event that had crystalized the new direction of my new work had emerged in the headlines several years earlier, a different kind of lockdown, one that has seriously affected certain populations directly and others insidiously: the Refugee Crisis of 2015. This migration of people into Europe from Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq and other countries had been steadily rising for several years. In 2012, Greece built a barbed wire fence on its border with Turkey, a primary migration route into Europe. Images appeared in the news of desperate and destitute families stranded





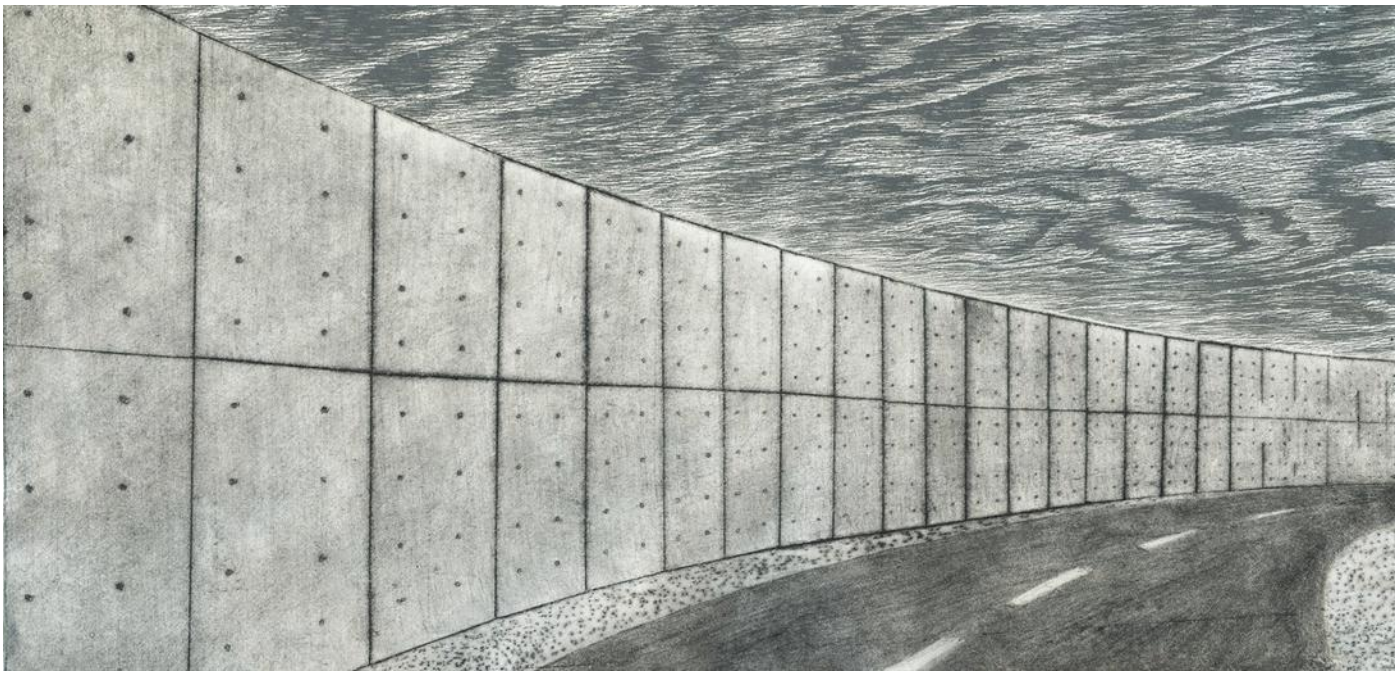
behind fences. As people sought alternate routes, more European countries, including Bulgaria, North Macedonia, Hungary and Slovenia, built fences and walls and increased surveillance. Then, on another continent, building "The Wall" on the US-Mexico border became a political rallying cry and controversy.

Since the early 2000s there has been an exponential rise in the building of border barriers throughout the world to control the movement of people, from about 15 to more than 70 today. I see this phenomenon of wall building on the borders of countries and territories, as a concrete manifestation of the current social and political extremism and divide. Fear, distrust, misconception and ego manifest as racism, tribalism, nationalism, populism. A particularly tragic barrier looms in the form of the concrete walls and high-tech fences that separate Israel/Palestine. In my pandemic bubble, I created a drawing of this wall and, reviewing documentary photos on the web, made drawings of the US-Mexico barrier and others, including the Greece-Turkey barrier, the Spain-Morocco barriers that surround the North African Spanish territories of Ceuta and Melilla and the India-Bangladesh barrier.

I chose a format, an image size of 8 x 16 inches, for the drawings that would allow for a detailed foreground view of the structure, while also highlighting the vast length of these barriers. I explored mark-making, developing lines with a variety of tools, creating textures using different grades of sandpaper. I sent away for a couple of roulettes. I made the decision to use PETG plastic instead of metal, which was available and affordable. I tested the properties of different inks.

The prints emphasize the severity of the barrier architecture by omitting visual representation of the specific surroundings. Instead, a relief under-print of wood grain texture evokes an impression of land and sky and an allusion to the natural world and wildlife, which these walls also disrupt. I chose a rag paper of a cement grey colour, referencing the materials of wall-building. In order to maintain a full range of value, the relief wood grain pattern and then the drypoint image of the barrier are printed on white washi (Japanese paper). The print is then pasted, via chine collé, onto the larger grey paper. In some prints, an additional relief layer is printed in grey. Cut from a roll of window screen, this impression serves to represent chain link fencing.

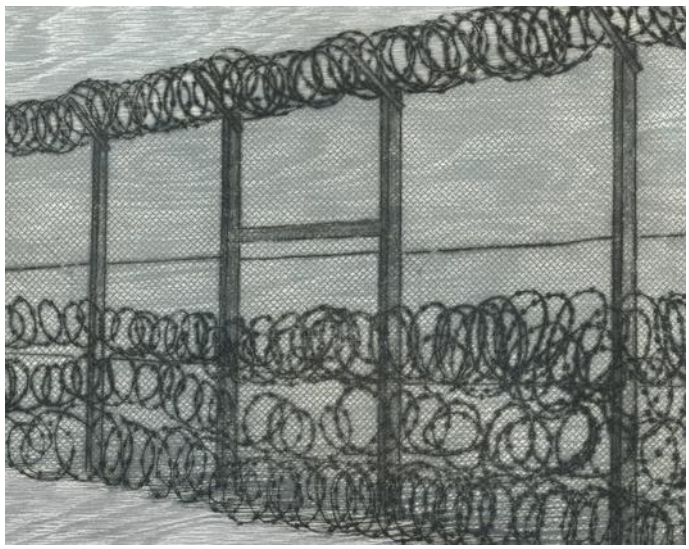
The pandemic has been disorienting and frightening. For people with children, or illnesses, or cramped or poor living conditions, or frontline work, it is an overwhelming and endless crisis. As in the rest of the world, the pandemic has disrupted people faced by border barriers and has exacerbated illnesses and deaths. These structures continue to be upgraded with motion sensors, infrared cameras,



military patrols and aerial surveillance. Governments have regulations and protocols to control and process immigration legally. These are restrictive, prohibitive, and historically and systemically racist and xenophobic. They do not provide flexibility for large numbers of people urgently on the move. Many countries are experiencing labor shortages. While corporations freely ship raw materials, parts and products from country to country across the globe and take advantage of the lowest wages in the poorest countries for their factories, workers of every capacity from laborer to professional, are up against a wall, shut out from opportunities to escape danger and chaos and to thrive as productive members of society.

The pandemic has peeled back the reflective surface of society, laying bare the inequities of the world, inspiring protest and demanding change. As I research, draw and print the fences and walls of the world, I reflect on the core inspiration for my work that asks what sort of strength, courage and fortitude does it take to reach across the gulf of estrangement between two worlds, between two people, between me and you?

This project is supported by the Ontario Arts Council.



Artist Information

In her printmaking and painting practice, Pamela Dodds explores the complexities and challenges of human relationships through a feminist lens. Her work is exhibited in solo and group exhibitions in Canada and the USA, and recently in Spain, Norway and the UK. Her work has been reviewed in publications and blogs including *Art New England, Boston Globe, Cleveland Scene, Collective Arts Journal* and *Globe and Mail*. She has been an invited speaker at Ontario College of Art and Design University, University of Ottawa, and Kwantlen Polytechnic University and employed as a master printer and educator. She has been awarded residencies and fellowships in Canada, the USA and Europe, and has received grants, including from the Ontario Arts Council and Gottlieb Foundation. Her work has been purchased for collections such as Capital One Bank, Ontario, Boston Public Library, MA, Purdue University, IL, Cleveland Museum of Art, OH. She lives and works in Toronto.

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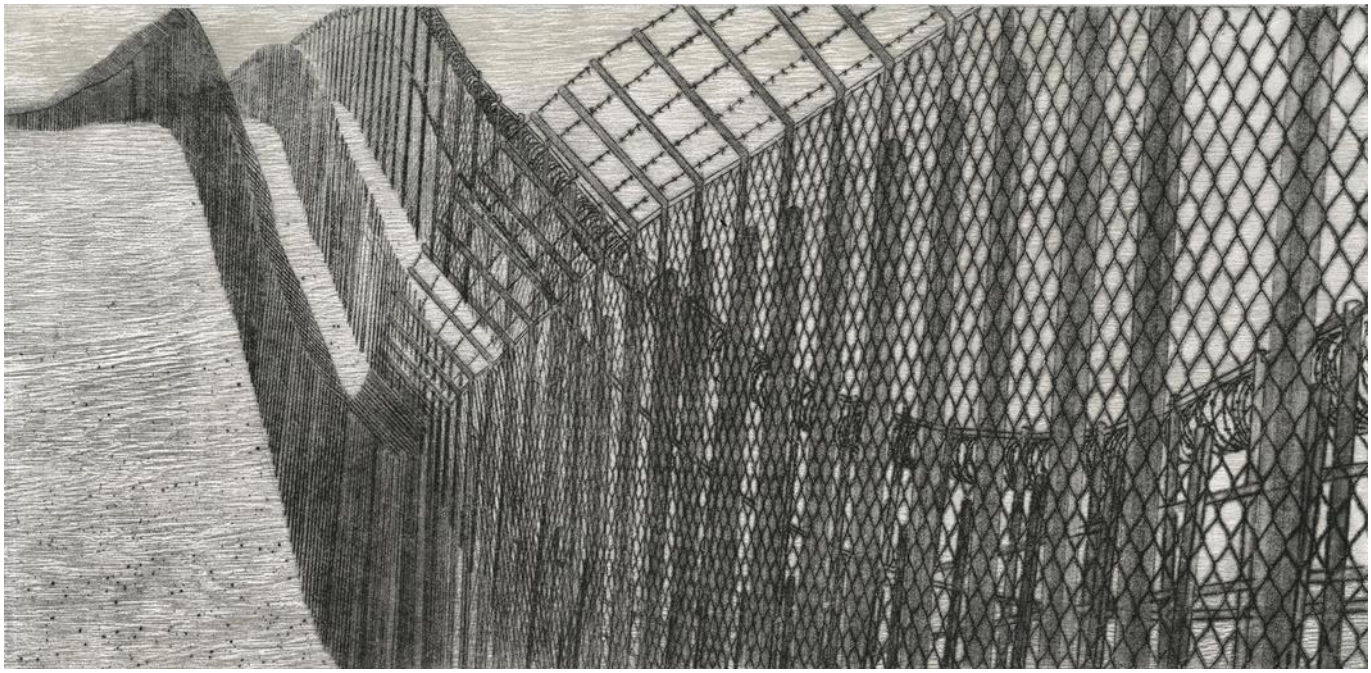
Image Documentation

Israel-West Bank, Palestine Separation Barrier, dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2020

Turkey-Syria Border Barrier, dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2021



USA-Mexico Border Barrier (at Tijuana), dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2020

Uzbekistan-Afghanistan Border Barrier, dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2021

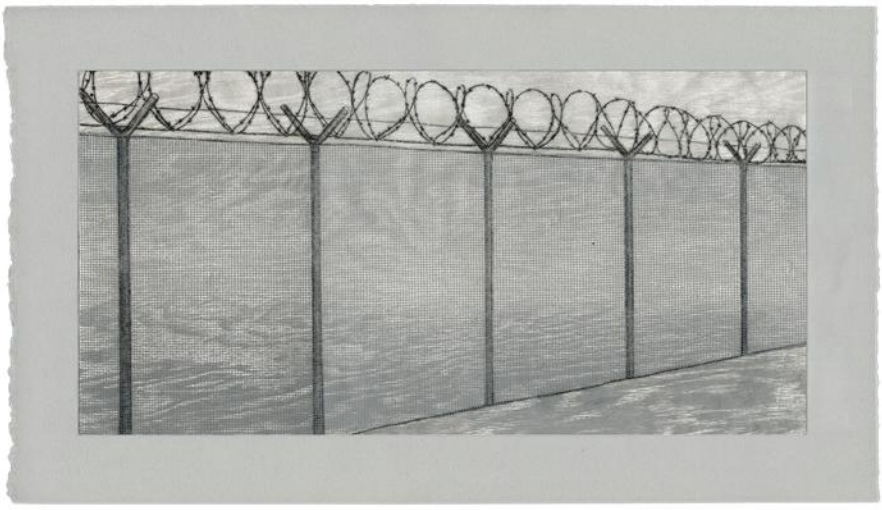
Argentina-Paraguay Bridge Barrier (at Posadas), dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2021

Hungary-Serbia Border Barrier, detail, dry point & relief print on paper, 2020

Spain-Morocco Border Barrier (at Ceuta), dry point & relief print on paper, 8" x 16", 2020

India-Bangladesh Border Barrier, detail, dry point & relief print on paper, 2021

Latvia-Russia Border Barrier, dry point & relief print on paper, 11" x 19", size includes paper, 2021



A NECESSARY TRANSFORMATION

Sarah Sipling

At the start of 2020, I was working with ideas of resistance, protest and power. Moving from New York to the Midwest in 2016, I was suddenly surrounded by political signs and neighbors voicing support for a long-shot candidate who directly threatened people like me and my family. The long-shot candidate then became a shocking reality. I used this shock, sadness and anger within my work, focusing on the larger movements happening around the country, starting with the Women's March. This protest and the many protests that followed became the basis for my *Protest* series. I worked with images of historical and contemporary protests, combining digital printing with lithography, silkscreen and collage. I found the ripped layering methods of collage reminiscent of the fragmented reality, the alternative facts and the fake news.

While in the midst of this work and continuing into 2020, photographing, participating, printing and collaging, I incorporated the many protests against the Trump administration and other totalitarian governments around the world. I was quickly and harshly confronted with how the two major disruptors of 2020 would change the world, and change my work.

As the worldwide pandemic began, the power in my protest imagery began to feel tenuous, with imagery that now called to mind disease, death and destruction. No longer did images of protesters look inspiring, meaningful or positive. Now images of masses of people, unmasked people, closely together, chanting, yelling, cheering, made me think of mass spreader events. I thought of the virus lingering in the air within my work, the unseen minuscule element that changed my imagery overnight. I put my protest prints away, unable to directly confront the change, thinking this was a temporary change, a temporary lockdown that would not result in a complete redevelopment of my imagery. I, of course, did not know that a 'temporary two-week lock down' would not end.

I began to rethink my process and began working with landscape photographs and digital prints taken during my previous travels. I thought about how we were all staying still, physically stuck and unable to travel. I started to sort through stacks of my past prints, tearing old prints into pieces to reuse. Thinking about the pandemic while working with old prints and looking at gorgeous landscapes was a strange trip. I found myself trying to incorporate my past (through the old prints) with hope for the future, a hope that did not seem to exist at the beginning of the pandemic. I began making collages where I would cover up

the landscapes with pieces of my past prints. Covering up the future, I thought, or perhaps trying to make sense of a new future.

As I began to work with this new process and imagery, the world changed—yet again. I looked up from my collages as my partner approached, "Have you seen the video. . .?" An anger in him I had never seen before. I watched the news coverage as the Black Lives Matter protests began.

I pushed aside my work, again. I pulled out the protest prints I had put on hold and started anew. Every day I would look at photographs of the protests; every day the protests would broaden, would expand across the state, the country, the world. I began to draw the protestors using soft lithography crayons, drawing with an anger that would leave the crayons in stumps. Quickly the news coverage became so obviously wrong. The protestors' pain, anger and need for change instead was labeled rioting. Destruction of property was somehow more important than the destruction of life. The video of brutal police response became a part of my drawings. I drew in disbelief, but I also recognized that this disbelief was long overdue, a recognition on my end of the privileges I've had. I drew hundreds of these protests and the brutal police responses. Some images I found myself drawing over and over, with anger and fear blending the lines into smeared areas of the grease.

Finally, I watched the video. The horror. I sat surrounded by my drawings, safe and confined in my studio, watching as a man that looked like my partner was murdered by police. I sat, frozen, and heard my partner's voice above me, as he worked from home. Looking at my drawings, I knew that my work needed to change and that it needed to

change for good. I needed to work with ideas of the racist and unjust past and present of this country. I needed to address the fear and anger that I feel. The next man pulled over and unjustifiably killed could be my partner.

I started to work into my new drawings, combining them with my past work. Instead of leaving behind my pre-pandemic and pandemic working ideas and methods, I incorporated them all into my current work, using layers of different printmaking methods and collage to continue forward. I began to incorporate silkscreen and digital 'veins' of color, pulling the various imagery, materials and techniques in each print together. I see the veins as reminiscent of life, the pulse of life, and the necessary pressure of power and resistance. The connecting veins of color in my work also make me think of the connectivity that brought us here. The global ease of travel that brought a horrible pandemic to every corner of the earth and the digital connectivity that instantly shared a video of horror that united the world in protest.

The printmaking process is full of change and pressure. The changes that happen while transferring an image from a matrix to paper and the pressure, sometimes intense pressure, that is a necessary requirement of producing a print. I used the pressure and power of printmaking in my work to represent the stresses and changes within life and society. As I continue forward I plan to continue to focus more on the importance of the Black Lives Matter protests while incorporating ideas about the construction and perception of race. The difficulties of 2020 resulted in a direct, and unavoidable change within my work. Ideas that had been stirring within me suddenly couldn't be denied, a massive realization within such a difficult time. The pressure of the press, the pressure of the time, the pressure of necessity all resulted in these changes within my work, these revelations, these revolutions.

Artist Information

Sarah Sipling grew up in upstate New York. She received a Bachelors of Fine Art at SUNY Purchase College and studied visual arts and literature. She received a Masters of Fine Art in printmaking at Rhode Island School of Design. Sarah is skilled in digital and traditional printmaking methods and incorporates photography, interactive digital media and hand drawn elements into her print based work. Sarah has exhibited nationally and internationally and is active in community based print projects.

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Image Documentation

Protest (Print) 4, collage, lithograph & monoprint, 17" x 22", 2020

Protest (Print) 2, collage, lithograph & monoprint, 17" x 22", 2020

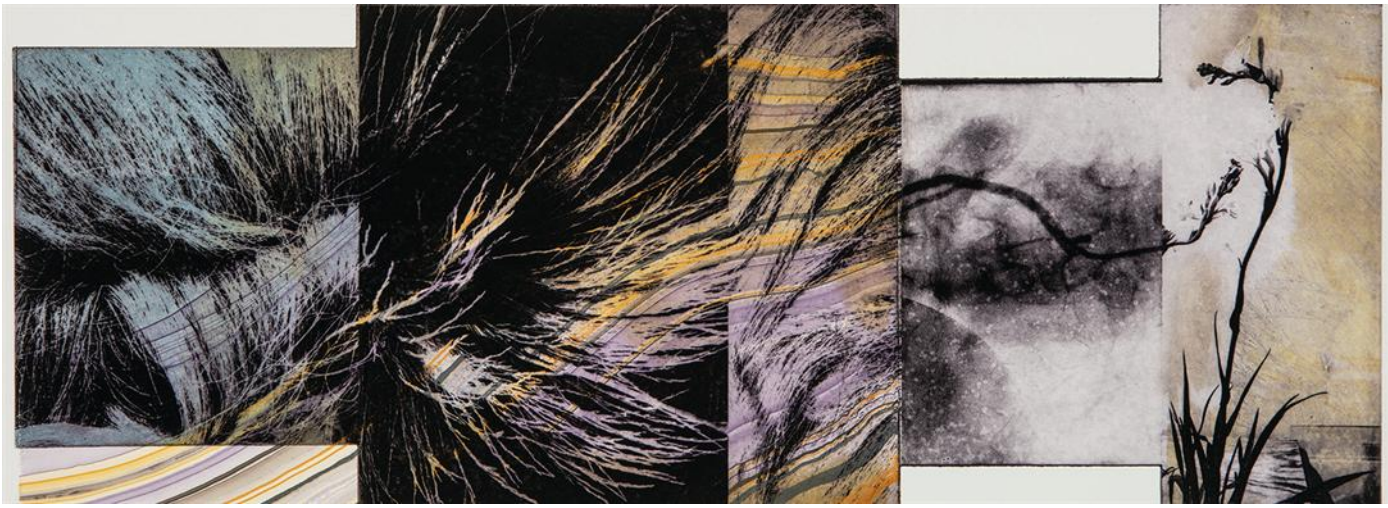
Protest (Print) 7, collage, lithograph & monoprint, 17" x 22", 2020

Protest with Veins 2, collage, lithograph & screenprint, 17" x 22", 2021

Protest with Veins 19, collage, lithograph & screenprint, 17" x 22", 2021

Protest with Veins 9, collage, lithograph & screenprint, 17" x 22", 2021

Protest with Veins 1, collage, lithograph & screenprint, 17" x 22", 2021



FOLLOW YOUR HEART

Robynn Smith

For over 20 years, my work has focused on pilgrimage to places of historical and psychological impact. Travel has always been at the heart of my practice, and the photographs taken in these places of poignance become the imagery I use to explore the present and the past, connecting the dots of humanity's magnificent opportunities and repeated mistakes.

In January 2021, after suffering a confluence of Covid and non-Covid related losses, I got back to work after a three-month forced hiatus. The personal, existential, and universal unmooring of 2020 included my first Zoom Seder, the sudden death of my mother and the complete disruption of time and identity across the globe. My world had both shrunk and expanded in unfathomable ways. Images from past travels no longer felt authentic or relevant. I had to find new source material.

I combed through photographs from 13 months of lockdown, including the CZU fire, Black Lives Matter protests, peaceful trail rides through glorious landscape, my own backyard. Channeling the surreal whiplash of Covid Time, I began combining these images with surgical photographs of my own heart taken during the shocking heart attack I experienced in October 2020. The *And My Heart* series was conceived.

As I began working on the series of mixed media paintings and prints, I felt broken by the battering ram of personal, acute trauma and the slow ache of embedded universal stress that had woven itself into the fabric of our everyday lives and was fast becoming the foundation of our future. I needed to work, to remove myself from the everyday. Using these images of my heart felt like an extreme shift for me, yet it also felt like an honest and organic response to this new reality.

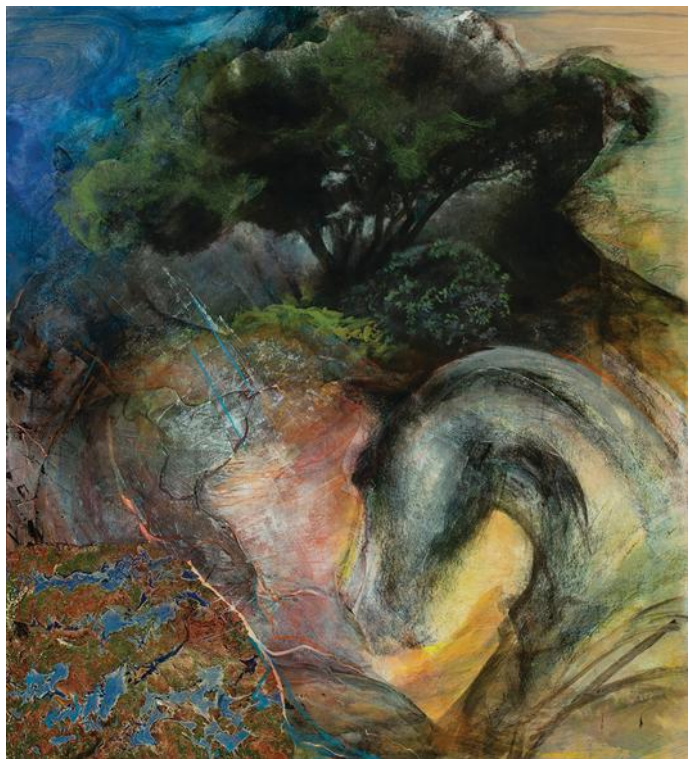
Typically, I try to stay neutral about the meaning and intention of my work as I am in process. I prefer to let each

piece develop its content organically, without too much intentional control. The initial impetus of each piece is born in the juxtaposition of photographic source material. The mixed media paintings on wood are carved, encrusted and glazed with casein pigment, asphalt, gesso, polymer transfers and found objects. The Solarplate prints are inked à la poupée, then top rolled with transparent color. Often collagraph or plexi monotype plates are printed over or under the photo and copper etchings. Chine collé is often employed, and many of the prints are torn up and collaged together after being printed. The images go through layers of transformation as each piece unfolds, while I try not to engage too emotionally. My involvement throughout much of the process is sensory and aesthetic. Eventually, as the images coalesce, the narrative content is revealed, and my emotional and intellectual engagement is strengthened.

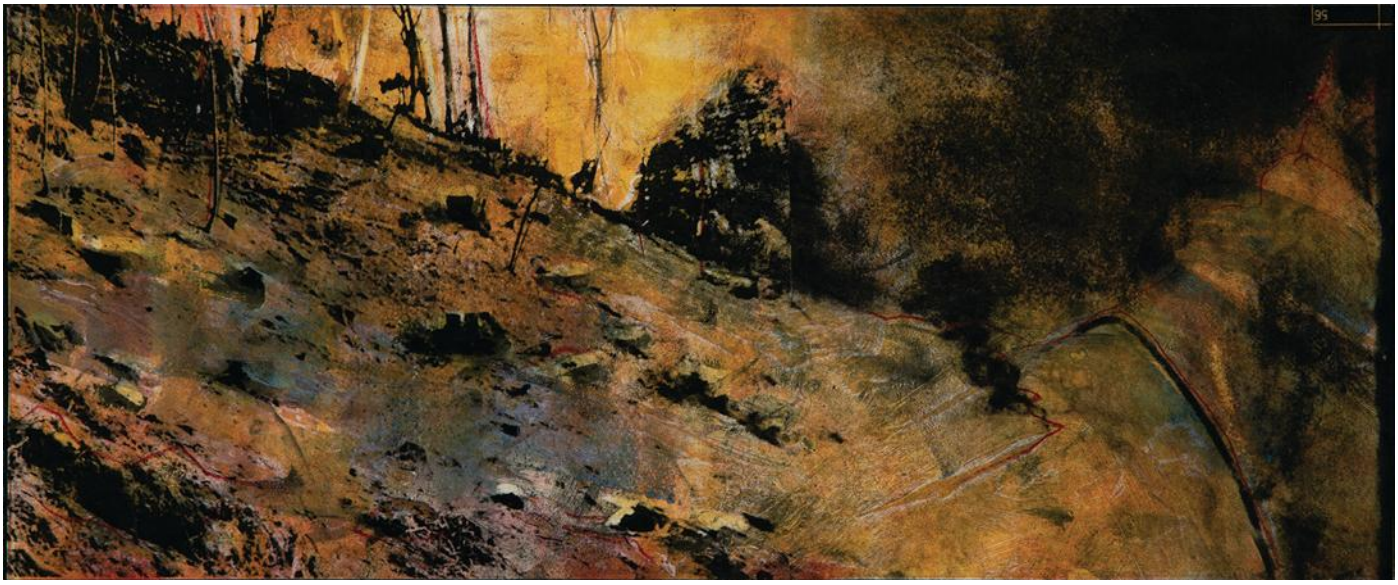
In creating the *And My Heart* series, I was attempting to reach a universality of experience through very specific and personal imagery. My emotional disengagement became very important. It took the focus off of myself, while I carved and printed the extremely personal image of my own heart.

For months I put my head down and plowed through. While my imagery felt very new and different, the familiarity of being in the studio gave me the language to process and express. Attending to the physical processes of the studio actually processed my trauma. The alchemy of creation became a metaphor and a map for the tangle of experiences that was 2020. There was balance in the studio: the horror and the beauty, the fear and the delight. The physical, emotional, spiritual and cerebral drove me in equal parts. Solving problems in the studio gave me the tools to handle my day-to-day issues—take my meds, do my rehab, sign my mother's death certificate, help the evacuated animals sheltered at the fairgrounds.

The ink was still wet on some of the prints when I was faced with Open Studios in early October 2021. For the



event, I wanted to showcase the new series while exhibiting additional work created in early Covid and a few golden oldies. I worried about how I would make everything work together, as *And My Heart* seemed like such a dramatic departure. I gave myself a week to design the space, and slowly the studio transformed. Layers of paintings and prints coalesced, and the exhibition came together just as the individual pieces had. Serendipitously, I put the finishing touches on the studio on the actual 1-year anniversary of my heart attack. The Open Studio exhibition itself expressed the consistency of the work and showed me that what had seemed like a tremendous departure was actually more of an expansion. It's as if all the individual



works of the last three decades were steppingstones that eventually built this series.

Why this surprised me is perhaps the most surprising thing. After all, trauma has been at the heart of my work for decades. In this series it was more specifically personal, but my exploration of universal trauma has always felt very personal. Now I know that the image of my heart is merely a new element in my visual vocabulary, albeit a powerful one that has allowed me to tell my story and will guide me on the path forward. Perhaps metamorphosis is not a sharp left turn, but a gentle continuation or an apotheosis.

Artist Information

Robynn Smith grew up in New York and resides in Santa Cruz, CA. She is an internationally exhibiting printmaker and painter and Professor Emerita, Monterey Peninsula College. Founder of the annual international event, Print Day in May, Robynn established Blue Mouse Studios in Aptos, CA. She received her BFA from Rhode Island School of Design and her MFA from San Jose State University. Notable solo exhibitions include Monterey Museum of Art, Triton Museum of Art and Santa Cruz Museum of Art and History. Recent residency fellowships include L'AiR Arts Paris and Zea Mays Printmaking, in MA.

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Image Documentation

Mane and My Heart #6, Solarplate monoprint with chine collé, 7" x 18", 2021

Mane and My Heart #8, Solarplate monoprint, 7" x 18", 2021

Hill and My Heart #5, Solarplate monoprint, 7" x 16", 2021

Home and My Heart, mixed media on wood, 48" x 42", 2021

Hill and My Heart #4, Solarplate monoprint, 7" x 16", 2021

Burned North Coast and My Heart, mixed media on wood, 18" x 40", 2021

photos by r.r. Jones

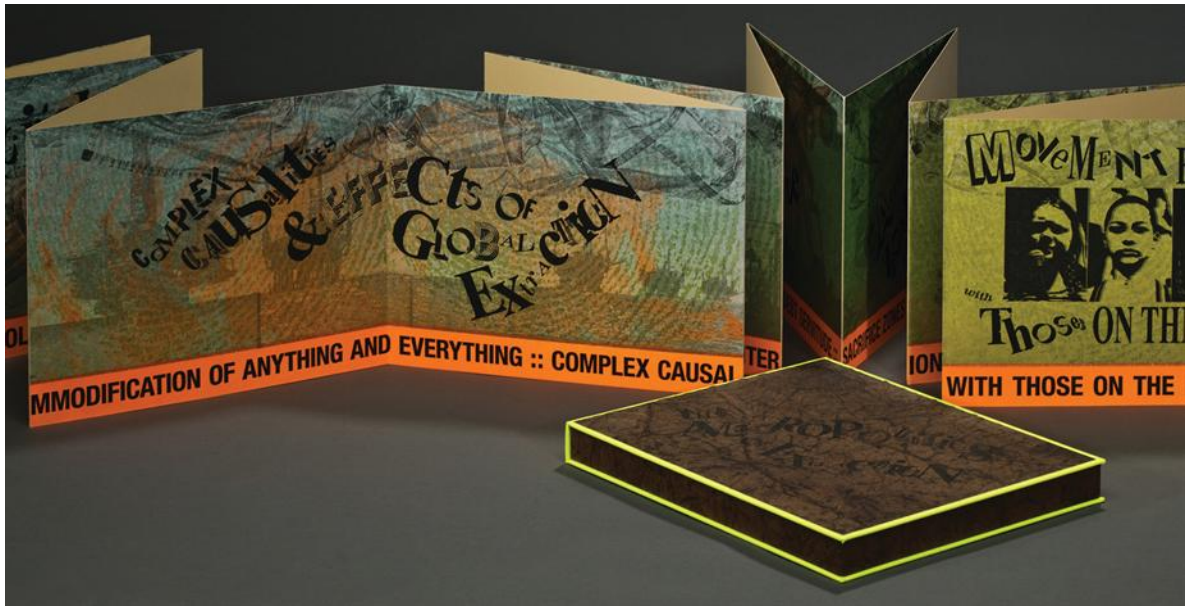
HEAVY LIFTING

Felicia Rice

I was born in San Francisco and raised in the thriving Bay Area art world of the 1950s and 60s. When I was 19 my mother mailed me a newspaper clipping intended for my older sister about the fine printers of the San Francisco Bay Area: the folks who use letterpress printing to make beautiful books, a world rich with history, literature, art, type and fine craft. I had discovered my vocation: the art of the book.

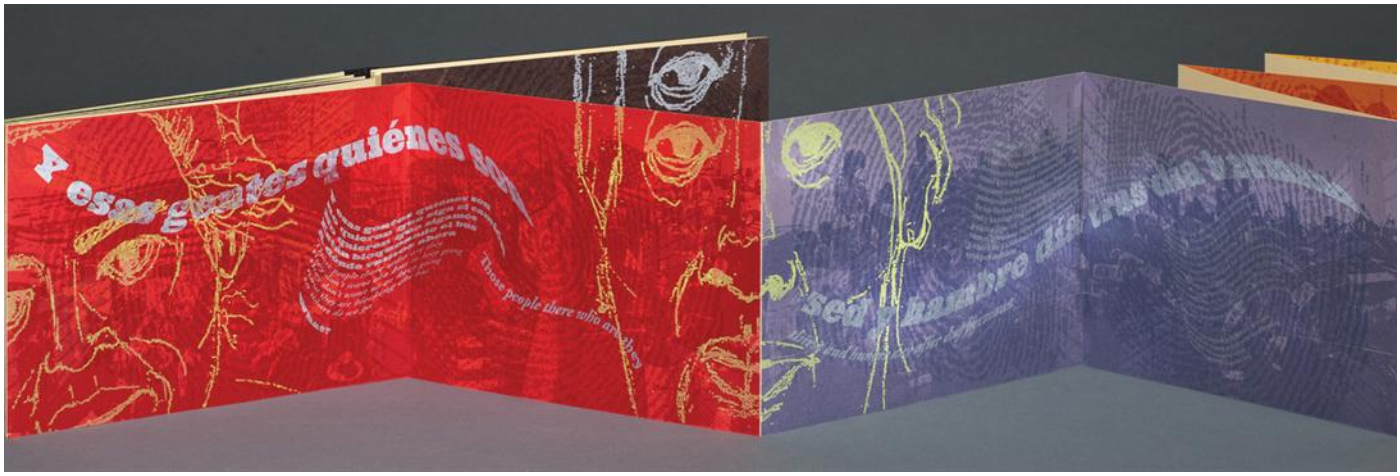
In 1977 I set Moving Parts Press in motion in Santa Cruz and began printing and publishing books, broadsides and prints in close collaboration with artists, writers and philosophers. I entertained clients, authors, artists and students for over a decade before moving the press to the mountains of Bonny Doon. These editions of new literature, works in translation and contemporary art explore the relationship of word and image, typography and the visual arts, fine art and popular culture, political criticism and social impact. With one foot firmly planted in the 19th century and the other in the 21st, I employ traditional typography and bookmaking methods together with digital technology to bring the flexibility of screen-based design to the texture and history of the letterpress-printed page. My process is both iterative and generative, allowing for endless exploration of visual solutions.

In August 2020 my entire letterpress print shop and printmaking studio (including two Vandercook proof presses, a 1940s German platen press with a rollaway feeder and over two hundred cases of irreplaceable metal type,



along with my entire inventory of artists' books) were destroyed in the CZU Lightning Complex Fire in the Santa Cruz Mountains. With the generous support of over 750 individuals and organizations and a lot of heavy lifting, I am reestablishing Moving Parts Press at my family home in the town of Mendocino.

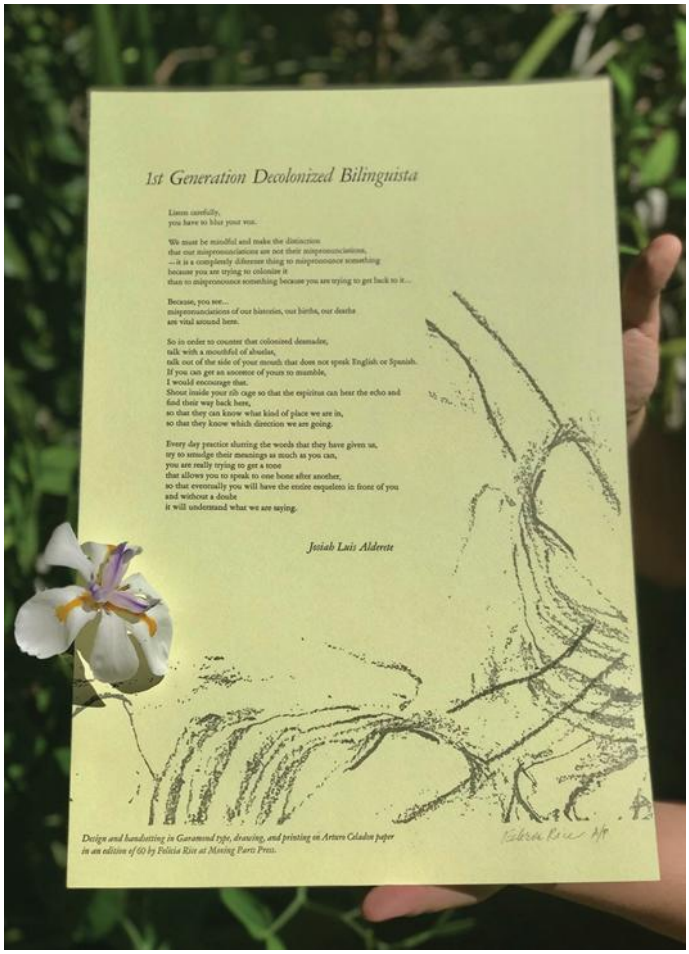
Almost immediately after the move to Mendocino, I was very fortunate to acquire a Vandercook proof press from the calligrapher Judy Detrick, just six miles away in Caspar. With the press as the cornerstone of my new shop, I then bought a Glowforge laser cutter. The Glowforge replaced a photopolymer platemaker that I lost in the fire. The photopolymer platemaking process produces gallons of warm wastewater infused with nanoparticles of plastic—I was more than happy to try a new method of creating plates for relief printing and to incorporate technologies



new to me into familiar methods of printing on the Vandercook.

The process of building a modest new studio in the heart of the town of Mendocino has been a real saga, but I expect construction to take place in the coming year. Until then, I am working in a tiny shed that served as my father's art studio for over four decades. I have produced several broadsides in collaboration with Bookshop Santa Cruz to raise funds for fire recovery in the Santa Cruz mountains through the Community Foundation of Santa Cruz County. I continue to add to *LATINX/CHICANX/POETX*, a series of 15 broadsides begun in 2019. Also, I am working intensively on a new limited edition artists' book in close collaboration with Mendocino poet and printer Theresa Whitehill, a project that was underway before my move to the Mendocino Coast. *Heavy Lifting* treats issues of personal and collective loss under unprecedented circumstances, from fire and pandemic to issues of social justice and climate crisis. It places Theresa and I on the cusp of an unimagined future, squaring off with terrible truths. Wrestling with these major themes has been essential to my grieving and healing process.

For me the process of developing a book begins with the text and *Heavy Lifting* was no different. Although I had a cache of visual elements for a potential book, this project only started to click when Theresa gave me the poem she had written about me, *The Loveliness of Mistakes*. One stanza from this poem figures largely in the book and the rest of the texts grew out of our remarkable collaboration that has taken place through one-on-one meetings and email correspondence. In addition, I like to present these texts in a respectful, straightforward format that can be easily read. To this end, a chapbook of the complete suite of poems written as a result of the collaboration will travel with the artist's book.


1st Generation Decolonized Bilinguista
Listen carefully,
you have to blur your vue.
We must be mindful and make the distinction
that our mispronunciations are not their mispronunciations,
—it is a completely different thing to mispronounce something
because you are trying to colonize it
than to mispronounce something because you are trying to get back to it...
Because, you see...
mispronunciations of our histories, our births, our deaths
are vital around here.
So in order to counter that colonized deamadre,
talk with a mouthful of abuelas,
talk out of the side of your mouth that does not speak English or Spanish.
If you can get an ancestor of yours to mumble,
I would encourage that.
Shout inside your rib cage so that the espiritus can hear the echo and
find their way back here,
so that they can know what kind of place we are in,
so that they know which direction we are going.
Every day practice slurring the words that they have given us,
try to smudge their meanings as much as you can,
you are really trying to get a tone
that allows you to speak to one bone after another,
so that eventually you will have the entire esqueleto in front of you
and without a doubt
it will understand what we are saying.
Josiah Luis Alderete
Design and handsetting in Garamond type, drawing, and printing on Arturo Celadon paper
in an edition of 60 by Felicia Rice at Moving Parts Press.

I am interested in complex pages of layered type and image. In this new book, I continue to explore the process of image-making employed for my last three books, *DOC/UNDOC* (2014), *Borderbus* (2019), and *The Necropolitics of Extraction* (2020). Currently I am printing textured color fields overlaid with relief prints from the rounds of a felled oak. Next I will add either my drawings or photographs mined from the web and manipulated in Photoshop. Finally, I will lay down typographic experiments using letterforms created from rubbings of headstones at two local cemeteries. In *Heavy Lifting*, the biggest challenge has been preparing my images in Photoshop and Illustrator to cut relief plates from wood on the laser cutter. Of all the changes since the fire, this new tool has had the biggest impact on my process and its outcomes. For the last ten years, my work has been evolving but this is the next revolution in my process.

The structure of *Heavy Lifting* is made up of two nested accordion-fold panels measuring approximately 8 and 10 feet when fully extended. I was attracted to the artist's books of Ilia Zdanevich (Iliazd). Stephen Woodall, the curator of the Reva and David Logan Collection of Illustrated Books at the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco, first introduced me to Iliazd's work. To go deeper, I attended an online conference on Iliazd in October 2020. A website of the 2021 exhibition of Iliazd's books at the Legion of Honor can be found here at: https://insights.famsf.org/iliazd/. Iliazd created and published 21 artist's books while working in Paris from 1921–1975, working in collaboration with many of the most famous

artists of his time. I was excited by his experimental typography, but it was the book structures that inspired my attempt to push the potential of the accordion-fold book. *Heavy Lifting* functions as a traditional codex when closed, but when the panels are separated and extended it becomes an interactive sculpture, a hybrid work of art that shapes the space around it. I intend to complete and publish 50 copies of *Heavy Lifting* by late 2022. I am dreaming of the book as a performance piece with the images projected 20-foot high on scrim and interpreted by readers and dancers on stage.

The history of letterpress printing on the Mendocino Coast includes Al Moise and the old Redwood Coast Printers (a one-time employer), Black Bear Press, the Mendocino Art Center, Noyo Printworks and a healthy contingent of book arts practitioners, such as Zida Borcich of Studio Z (Fort Bragg) and Theresa Whitehill of Colored Horse Studios (Ukiah). A new community of printers and printmakers is adding to that history, and a letterpress exhibition of our work at the Partners Gallery in Mendocino has kicked off what promises to be an annual book arts festival, BAM! Book Arts Mendocino!

Artist Information

Felicia writes: "As a printer, my job is to confront complex issues and render my response in book form. As an artist, my job is to do so with profound integrity. As a publisher, my job is to make these issues public. As printers have done every decade since Gutenberg, I'm here to respond and to argue for a more just society." Work from Moving Parts Press has been included in exhibitions and collections both nationally and internationally and has been the recipient of numerous awards and grants. She is featured in PBS's award-winning *Craft in America* documentary series in the episode, *Visionaries.*

frice@movingpartspress.com

movingpartspress.com

Image Documentation

Felicia Rice at burn site in Bonny Doon, 2020, photo by Shmuel Thaler

Heavy Lifting, laser cut relief plate with proofs, work in progress, 2021

The Necropolitics Of Extraction, letterpress & relief, 9" x 23", 2020

DOC/UNDOC, letterpress & relief, 17.25" x 22", 2014

DOC/UNDOC, letterpress & relief, 17.75" x 11", extends to 31.5', 2014

Borderbus, letterpress & relief, 8" x 13", extends to 17', 2019

Borderbus, letterpress & relief, 8" x 13", extends to 17', 2019

Borderbus, letterpress & relief, 8" x 13", extends to 17', 2019

1st Generation Decolonized Bilinguista, poem by Josiah Luis Alderete, drawing by Felicia Rice, letterpress and relief, 11.25" x 17", 2019

Heavy Lifting, mock-up, work in progress, 2021

Heavy Lifting, letterpress and relief, detail, work in progress, 2021

Heavy Lifting, laser cut relief plate with proofs, work in progress, 2021

The Necropolitics Of Extraction, DOC/UNDOC and *Borderbus,* photos by r.r. Jones

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CSP 2023 JOURNAL

About the next journal...

The California Society of Printmakers is soliciting proposals for the 2023 annual issue, *Shifting Gears.* Sometimes a major shift in your thinking moves your work in a new or unexpected direction. This could be due to a new technique or material, a novel idea or even just a major mistake on your part. How has this change affected your work and its future direction?

We would like proposals by print artists and are also seeking recommendations of artists (including their website) who could contribute to this topic.

Submit to: Bob Rocco, bobroccoart@gmail.com

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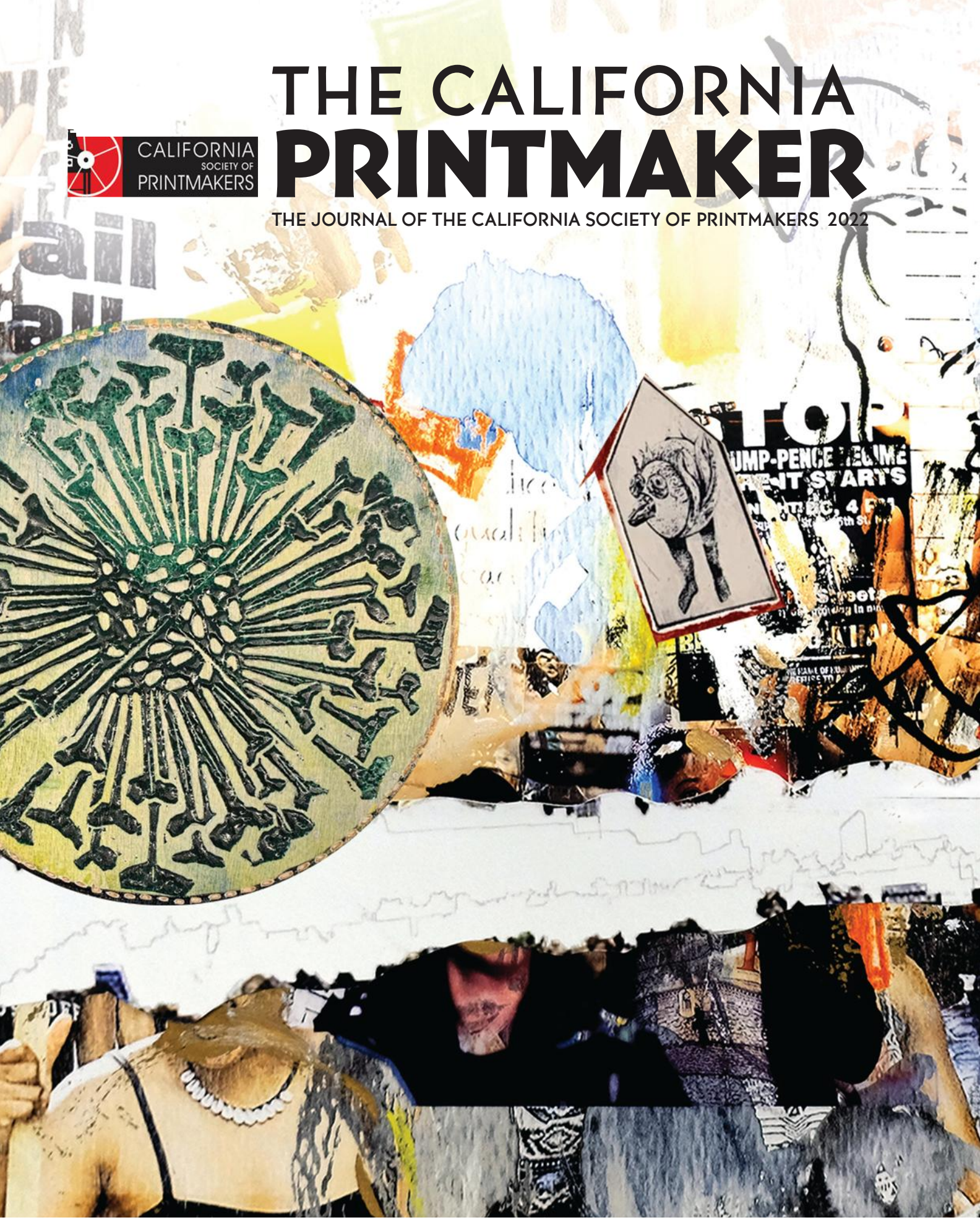

Prepared by MagCloud for Journal California Society of Printmakers. Get more at cspjournal.magcloud.com.